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CONTENTS

AUGUST 1947

THE GOLDEN RULE IS PRACTICAL	Henry J. Taylor	6
COUGH DROPS AND CHRISTIANITY	Ralph H. Johnstone	17
MISS GARTH, A Short Short Story	Jay Worthington	19
IF THIS BE UNIVERSAL TRAINING	Daniel A. Poling	20
THE BEST INTENTIONS	Margaret Lee Runbeck	23
IT HAPPENED IN A SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS	Mary E. Sergent	24
MARTHA & THE ATOMIC BOMB, A Short Story	Annie K. Wilson	26
GENERAL OF THE ARMY	Dorothy Walworth	28
SCIENCE CATCHES UP WITH GOD	Fred Moreland	31
CHILDREN'S MEMORIAL FOREST In Palestine	J. Van Patten and Richard Tyler	32
BRITAIN'S PEWS ARE EMPTY	Ruth Willock	34
WHERE TWO WAYS MET—Part Three	Grace Livingston Hill	36
THE MERCY OF FAILURE, A Sermon	Clayton E. Williams	38
A MILLION MILES TO MONT LAWN		40
TEN WAYS TO USE THE BIBLE	Francis Carr Stiffler	42
THE WORD WAS NOT BOUND	Martin Niemöller	43

Among Those Present	2	Building Questions	44
Dr. Poling Answers	4	Daily Meditations	45
Sunday School Lessons	8	The New Books	63
News Digest	11	Current Films	66
Editorials	16	Straight Talk	80

COVER • "WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN" • JACOBI

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Among Those Present

Francis Carr Stiffler (10 Ways to Use the Bible, page 42) has one of the biggest congregations in this country—and he



probably never sees one one-hundredth of them. Which means that he uses the radio. For the last eight years, Dr. Stiffler has given an annual series of coast-to-coast broadcasts on the Bible which has won him countless friends among the lovers of

The Book. And he writes books about The Book. Harper published one in 1942: "Every Man's Book," containing eighteen chapters about the Bible's amazing vitality and offering suggestions as to its personal use. In 1946, Essential Books published his latest, "The Bible Speaks."

Secretary for Public Relations of the American Bible Society, he came to that society from the pastorate—or pastorates—in the Middle West and East Orange, N. J. You'd never know it—listening to his very reverent, serious broadcasts—but Francis Stiffler has the finest sense of humor and the best stock of funny yarns in New York City. He's not only good to listen to over the air, thanks to his voice of authority; he's a great fellow to sit down and talk with on the front porch.

Ruth Willock (Britain's Pews Are Empty, page 34) was born in Brooklyn (though she doesn't mention that, much, beyond Brooklyn) and was baptized in the good old Dutch Reformed Church. Art claimed her first; she spent ten years at the drawing-board, doing advertising art and layout for Macy's, Abraham and Straus, Stern Brothers, L. Bamberger, Montgomery Ward and the famous Selfridge's of London. Between jobs on her board, she wrote two full-length novels ("Bring Back the Spring" and "5:30 To Midnight"), short stories for the American magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Ladies Home Journal. Then articles for Mademoiselle, Reader's Digest, and two London newspapers.

She tells us, humbly, that she has made eight trips abroad, looking at things and people in France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and—for her article in this issue—England. The other day she told us: "I went to England first just before the war, and I did a lot of writing for British newspapers—feature articles for the London Daily News, especially. Just travelling around, footloose and fancy free, among the British people taught me a lot and deepened my interest in the greatest people in the world! Some friends, a few months back, asked me to come over and see what had happened to them in the war."



What I saw broke my heart—as it would break yours. The thoughts and emotions experienced there still hurt me when I think of them. The physical, moral and spiritual damage of the years of war is staggering and, to some extent, irreparable."

She has a flair for the down-to-earth, for the little citizen, for the humble man and woman. How many people she talked to in the streets of London before she wrote "Britain's Pews Are Empty," she has forgotten, and we'll never know. . . .

Miss Willock lives in an immaculate apartment in New York's old Chelsea district. Here she pursues her hobby of fine cooking; it's a rare treat to be invited to dinner there. She dresses perennially, albeit smartly, in black.

Henry J. Taylor (*The Golden Rule Is Practical*, page 6) is big-name stuff on the radio—and in a lot of other prominent spots. One of the youngest commentators on the air, he is also one of the most provocative; his broadcasts leave no middle ground. You're either for him or agin' him. His pet hate: Communism; pet love: the American way.



We just can't list the countries he's been in and written about; he's been everywhere. He has covered, for newspapers and syndicates, Dumbarton Oaks, the San Francisco United Nations meeting, five presidential nominating conventions, wears a DKE fraternity pin (Virginia) and writes for America's leading "slick" magazines. He has four books to his credit, and one son. Besides his consuming interest in politics and economics, there is a deep abiding interest in things spiritual in Henry J. Taylor—which is why we went after him.

A. Cressy Morrison (*Science Catches Up With God*, page 31) could have a lot said about him that isn't said in that interview. We found a man 83 years young in that office—a young fellow in charge of so many enthusiasms that we didn't even try to list them. We didn't say in the story that he is the discoverer of a method of separating oxygen and hydrogen in the magnetic field; any good scientist can tell you what that means. Nor did we tell you that he cut the interview short—he was in a hurry to get off on his second honeymoon!

Mary Elizabeth Sergent, who writes "It Happened in A Sunday School Class," page 24, knows what she's talking about: she happens to be the teacher of that class. In Middletown, New York. She just dropped in on us one day and said she had an idea for a story. Lots of people drop in like that—and drop right out again. Mary Elizabeth sat there for an hour telling us about her girls; when we got a chance to break in, we gasped: "Write it, lady—today!" Which is what she did. She's the kind of teacher we'd like our youngsters to come to Sunday school to: alert, conscientious, patient, and completely independent of all stifling teaching tradition. That last especially is rare quality!

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OUR READERS

DR. POLING ANSWERS

● *Do you know of any guide for Bible readings in public schools? I would like to find a book or an outline that lists verses and selections that could be read without violation of the basic American principle of "separation of church and state."*

A syllabus has been prepared by the Laymen's Club of Detroit, which has headquarters at 404 Park Avenue Bldg., Detroit 26, Michigan, that seems to answer this question. Listed are 426 selections. The booklet opens with quotations from a number of distinguished leaders of public thought. To Michigan schoolteachers the syllabus is issued free; to others, at ten cents a copy.

● *Our daughter is sixteen and the youngest of five children. We feel keenly that we cannot give her the social opportunities she needs and should have—our years are beyond that. Community conditions are such that the problem is acute. Would you advise a good junior college away from home?*

Under the circumstances described in this question and the letter accompanying it, my answer is definitely "yes." Also I am happy to recommend the junior college concerning which my advice is requested. Here are parents who are understanding and wise.

● *Recently I heard a clergyman make an attack on the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, in the course of which he charged that its president, Charles Taft, is a Unitarian. Is this true?*

It is false. President Taft, of the Council, is a Junior Warden of Christ Church (Episcopal) in Cincinnati. For two years now I have addressed Lenten congregations in this church for a week preceding Easter.

● *My pastor tells me that the United States is a Christian nation by declaration of Congress. Is this true?*

No, Congress never so declared, but the Supreme Court once did. In 1892, Justice David J. Brewer made the statement in the Court's decision in the Holy Trinity Church case. Thirteen years later the justice wrote a book, "The United States A Christian Nation,"

in which he explained what he meant. This is what he had in mind: America's historical and legal background is Christian; Christianity and no other religion is manifest in all Colonial compacts and charters and in the common law of the states.

● *I'm a Red Cross worker in Germany and have been greatly disturbed by recent conversations with Roman Catholic friends who seem to show from the Scriptures that the Catholic Church is the one and only Church founded by Jesus Christ upon St. Peter. Also they point out many Protestant weaknesses such as divorce. I do not have the answers. Are not Protestants neglectful in training their young people?*

Protestants are too neglectful in teaching and training Protestant young people. Specifically, as to the questions raised, I have been particularly interested in what your Catholic associates have had to say about the Scriptures. It is not what the Scriptures say in every instance, but the interpretation that we place upon the sayings. For instance, the words of Jesus spoken to Peter, "Upon this rock will I build my church." The Roman Catholic believes that Peter is a rock. We Protestants believe that the rock is the truth affirmed by Peter concerning Jesus, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." The church universal includes all churches, is founded not upon one man but upon truth itself—that is the Protestant position.

As to divorce, the Roman Catholic Church has another word for it—annulment. Repeatedly, separations are allowed and recognized by the Church. For instance, the Church may not recognize as valid, marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant, however legal the marriage may have been under the law. Recently, United States Admiral Ellery Stone, formerly chief of the Allied Commission in Italy, married 29-year-old Renata di Sant'Elia. Stone was twice divorced, but the bride's uncle, a papal chamberlain, approved the match because Stone's first wife was dead and the second marriage "was not recognized by the Church." These are just a few of the particulars upon which there may be disagreement, but surely the central fact of God's love for us and His saving grace in Jesus Christ should

not be obscured—whether we are Catholics or Protestants.

● *Do you honestly believe there is, or ever has been, such a thing as an angel?*

Yes, definitely—has been and is.

● *Do you think that a confirmed public beer drinker is a suitable teacher for the public schools? I have just read a violent criticism of a schoolboard that declined to hire such a man.*

I agree with the schoolboard.

● *Personally, I agree with your recent answer and I never expect to get paid for administering the sacraments. The whole business of tipping the "hired" minister is repugnant to me. But isn't there another side? What about the five dollars that actually puts food on the pastor's table? It was a "fee" from someone who would never give another dollar in support of the church. What about the pitifully small salaries many ministers receive? Do not these supplementary gifts represent the difference between warm clothing for the children and a new hat for the pastor's wife, and perhaps embarrassment or even want? Were you ever just a poor preacher? I agree with you, but—*

The letter in which this question came made me very humble. I know what the writer is talking about. With a mist over my eyes, I remember—remember my own father and mother, remember my early days in the pastorate, remember when our first baby was born. My salary was five hundred dollars a year and the few weddings I had took care of the difference that this question talks about. For the circumstances described, that other question-and-answer still stands, but there are "two sides."

● *A number of years ago I committed a wrong which to me now seems a terrible sin and it has preyed on my mind to the point of almost wrecking my health. I have prayed and tried to reconsecrate myself to God. Could you please give me some word of encouragement that would help me know that He will forgive any sin if we ask and believe?*

It does not matter how long ago you committed a sin and did a wrong and how sinful and evil it may have been, if you seek forgiveness, "He is just and faithful to forgive." Never doubt that, for to doubt that is to doubt the love, the will, and the almighty power of God to save.

● *Can a person be saved and still go to the movies?*

A great many persons whom I believe to be "fully saved" do go to the movies.

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By HENRY J. TAYLOR

The Golden Rule Is Practical

HAD you or I stood with Napoleon on the deck of the ship on the way to his last prison at St. Helena, we would have heard him make an unusual confession—unusual for Napoleon.

Napoleon, you recall, was hostile to religious thought. Nevertheless, there he stands at the end, pointing up to the stars and you hear him remark—"Say what you please, someone created and controls all that." Regardless of creed, God is universal and religious thought is as interdenominational as the light of the sun.

If a newspaper editor or a broadcaster on the air asks, "Is marriage a failure?" he receives just so many letters, then the interest dies out. If he asks, "Should a wife have her own money to spend?" or "What is the best way for a young veteran to get a job?" he ceases to receive answers after a short time.

But to questions concerning religious feelings, the existence of God and man's destiny here and hereafter, the answers come in endlessly. Every day the mail brings new contributions to spiritual questions that have kept people praying, thinking and hoping through centuries.

This is encouraging and fortunate. Many twisted standards have grown up in our day. They do not lead to progress. In fact there's been no progress on this earth except the progress born of religious feeling.

There's more than a coincidence in the fact that both Fascism and Communism, as totalitarian ideas, make war on religious thought. No totalitarian political racket can stand the competition of man as a free creature.

Communists who set themselves up as political idols know, like the Fascists, that they cannot compete with free

thought within the people. All Communist propaganda is based on the fact. The leaders know that if thought is free they lose their grip, face a revolt and lose their jobs, even though they persecute in most horrible ways at home, or propagandize abroad, one group of people after another. The age-old system of despotism, which in its various forms is the oldest political system in the world, comes into this same ancient conflict with free ideas and the souls of men.

When nations or individuals become indifferent to the highest things, when they fix their minds too exclusively on outside things, they tip over, go down and soon are forgotten. The minds of the future, imbued with respect for the Divine Force that controls, conducts and makes the universe, must realize this more clearly than ever in the years ahead.

Speak to children clearly and warmly about this. To establish their spiritual reservoir, give them great respect for among other things, the Holy Bible.

SUNDAY schools and Bible classes organized for young men and women are of special value. It's a pity they're not even more numerous and more largely attended. A man or woman may begin the study of the Bible in childhood and read it to the last day of life, always finding new inspiration, new thought, new meaning.

The most beautiful and powerful writing that has ever been done, I believe, is in Isaiah. No man can begin to feel that he has studied his own language unless he is familiar with the Bible. And to those among us who are the most hard pressed, discouraged, lonely, heartworn, the Bible offers not as always its own consolation.

The object of the Bible, of course, is to teach us to *live* better. But it would have justified itself if it had done nothing except teach us how to bear sorrow and disappointment—not as victims of life, not as bewildered participants in mysterious struggle, but as children of God—a little lower than the angels, but faithful, confident, unafraid.

The greatest believer in the rights of man, more powerful and earnest than all the philosophers that ever lived, a defender of women and children, one whose heart was always with the sorrowful, was He, the Saviour, who founded all progressive thought.

There are many wonderful scenes of heroism and self-sacrifice painted in history, painted in the blood of men willing to suffer for the truth. But there's nothing to compare with the picture of Christ suffering for us and with the words spoken from the Cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Until you and I have studied the character of the Saviour and the importance of His teachings, nothing else is worthwhile. Unless you and I possess religious feeling, no other feeling is worthwhile. Pity the man who is the center of his own thoughts, who fails to realize that thought is given us by God in order to practice the Golden Rule—*Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.*

IN ALL the years, and in all the books since The Golden Rule was first written, there has never been uttered a better solution for the problems we all face today. In this difficult period The Golden Rule should be recognized as a synonym for the word *practical*. Nothing will prove to be practical without it. Napoleon and Hitler ended up by discovering this truth *too late*.

There will be no better day in America without a better grasp of this fact—a better and more complete abandonment of the idea of power, substituting for it the idea of *goodness* and The Golden Rule.

But take heart. The spiritual roots of this country are as strong, as full of vitality as ever—even stronger, I think, since the war. We're coming forward in our concepts of what is true and right, in our distaste for force and con- quering, and in our enthusiasm for the simple, sensible way of looking at life rather than the sharp and smart, the slick and shrewd. We are in a period of requiring something better than quar- rels and shrewdness. We *want* The Golden Rule in family affairs, in labor-management affairs, in national and in- ternational matters.

We know in our hearts and minds that without The Golden Rule there is no solution for our problems now!

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Sunday, August 3rd

MAKING GOOD IN FAMILY LIFE

PROVERBS 1:8-9; 6:20-23; 17:6; 19:18; 22:6; 23:22-26

THE Bible never becomes out of date. How amazing it is that proverbs written so many centuries ago should be timely in 1947. In spite of all the social changes, the principles for making good in family life are still the same. And the solution to the problems of the family are still basic to the solution of the problems of society. No great conference of educators, civic leaders or churchmen in recent years has failed to give an important place to the discussion of family life. The standards of community or national life will not rise above the level of family life.

Forty years ago the child was discovered in American thinking, and education accepted the child as its center. Twenty-five years ago the center changed from the child to its parents. That was the birth of the parent education movement. Now we see the family as a unit in which parents and children must take their proper places. Education for family life must include all the members of the family, all who must live together under one roof. The good of one must be discovered in the good of all.

The American family is seriously menaced. The increase in divorce is but one factor in the alarming picture of broken homes. Since 1870 our population has increased 300%, our marriages 400% and our divorces 2000%. One-third of our marriages are now ending in divorce and most students of the situation see the day rapidly approaching when only half of our marriages will last. Out of this situation come our most serious social problems: juvenile delinquency; crime increases, with the average age of the criminals rapidly lowering; lost standards of morality; commercialized amusements to provide "release" for those who no longer find satisfaction in home life; and immeasurable disillusionment and unhappiness for those who have tried family life and failed.

THE WRITER of Proverbs had no doubt about the place of religion in the home. He saw parents as the trainers of their children. Our homes are more democratic, yet no parent can shift responsibility for the children God has given. "The hickory switch" may be

outmoded, but some means of discipline must be found to replace it. In love, not in anger, parents must insist when the immature child stubbornly refuses to obey. Every effort should be used to reason with a child, yet anarchy in the home will only send an anarchy out into community life. The child must discover his responsibility for the home. Many of us oldsters remember with gratitude parents who taught us to lift self-interest into family-interest. It is a happy day for a parent when a child voluntarily gives up a cherished plan for the good of the family. The religion never discounts discipline.

The church-home relationship is vastly important. The church begins with education for family life. It directs its program for the service of its families. It develops Christian personality so necessary for wholesome family life. It establishes the family altar. Through home departments it keeps in constant touch with families. Through pastoral counseling it helps all the members of the family meet their problems. Nothing that happens in the homes of a parish can be outside the interests of the church. Not only the baptism of children or the marriage of young people, but all the other important events in family life should be noted by the church. It is not only a beautiful custom, but also deeply significant that there are now liturgies for the blessing of a new home. Decent housing should be of concern to the church.

The home should also find its relationship to the church. We are eternally grateful for parents whose interests were church-centered. Each night before going to bed, we children heard a passage read from the Bible and the voices of our parents lifted in prayer. No meal began without a thanksgiving to God. Church interests were discussed every day in our presence and we were taught to believe that the church was mighty important. Church interests give the home a strong tie to hold it together. They also insure wholesome happy friendships for the children and their parents. Most of all Christ finds His proper place in the home, a Presence to influence every decision, every relationship of each member of the family.

Parents generally recognize their responsibility for the health of their children. They are concerned for their education. They train them for business and professional success. Christian par-

ents will also see the privilege and responsibility for the spiritual growth of their children. This means full cooperation with the church. They will not send their children to the church, they will bring them.

Questions:

A great part of our church programs demands that the members of our families leave their homes and come to the church. Do you think we ought to offer help to our families for happy evenings together in their homes? Discuss in the terms of your own church program.

Many students of social life believe we should have uniform federal marriage and divorce laws. Do you agree?

Discuss family life as portrayed in modern fiction and the movies.

Sunday, August 10th

THINKING ON MORAL PURITY

PROVERBS 4:23; 5:4; 31:10-12; JAMES 1:13-15

SEVERAL decades ago an English statesman committed suicide. In looking over his accounts, it was discovered that he had been faithless to every trust and had chosen the coward's escape from justice. It was also discovered that his bookcases were filled with risqué French novels and his walls covered with suggestive paintings. In the imagination of his heart he had been living a life of lust. No wonder his whole life proved faithless.

Strength of character, the ability to think straight, trustworthiness in all the relationships of life, are undermined by impurity. The philosophy that teaches that desire makes right—well named "the philosophy of dirt"—has much to do with the moral decadence we see all about us. The subtle argument is that since we are created with desires of the body, they have a priority. The ancient writers knew that strength comes through discipline. Only when they are satisfied legitimately can they bring any happiness. Lust is intensely selfish and ultimately brutal. It destroys the good and noble in self and it destroys those on whom it finds its outlet. It is self-defeating and socially devastating.

Physically, impurity saps the vitality and robs God of the useful service of a man to his generation. Someone has said, "The philosophy of dirt corrupted the French army until in the hour of crisis France fell before the Nazi blitz." During the first world war, I served as a camp pastor in a base hospital located in New York City. My special duty was to care for the wards assigned to the insane. The physicians confirmed my opinion that by far the largest proportion of the young men confined there lost their health and their manhood by yielding to their unbridled lusts. The strong man may boast of his indulgence, but in the end he will pay the price, physically and mentally.

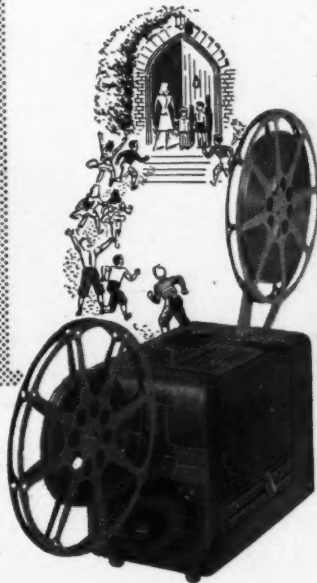
(Continued on page 51)

Bible stories become more real in motion pictures

When brought to the ears and eyes in sound motion pictures, bible stories hold church school children entranced, and create stronger and more lasting impressions.

Yes, motion pictures have proved repeatedly that they can be a vital force in religious education and in character building. They can bring the Holy Land and Asia Minor into your own church. Many churches have developed special services built around Biblical and mission movies.

There are other types of films, too, particularly suited to the church program—films on family life, religious arts, the brotherhood of peoples, foreign missions. All can be easily rented or purchased.



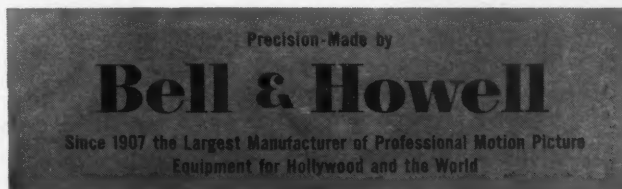
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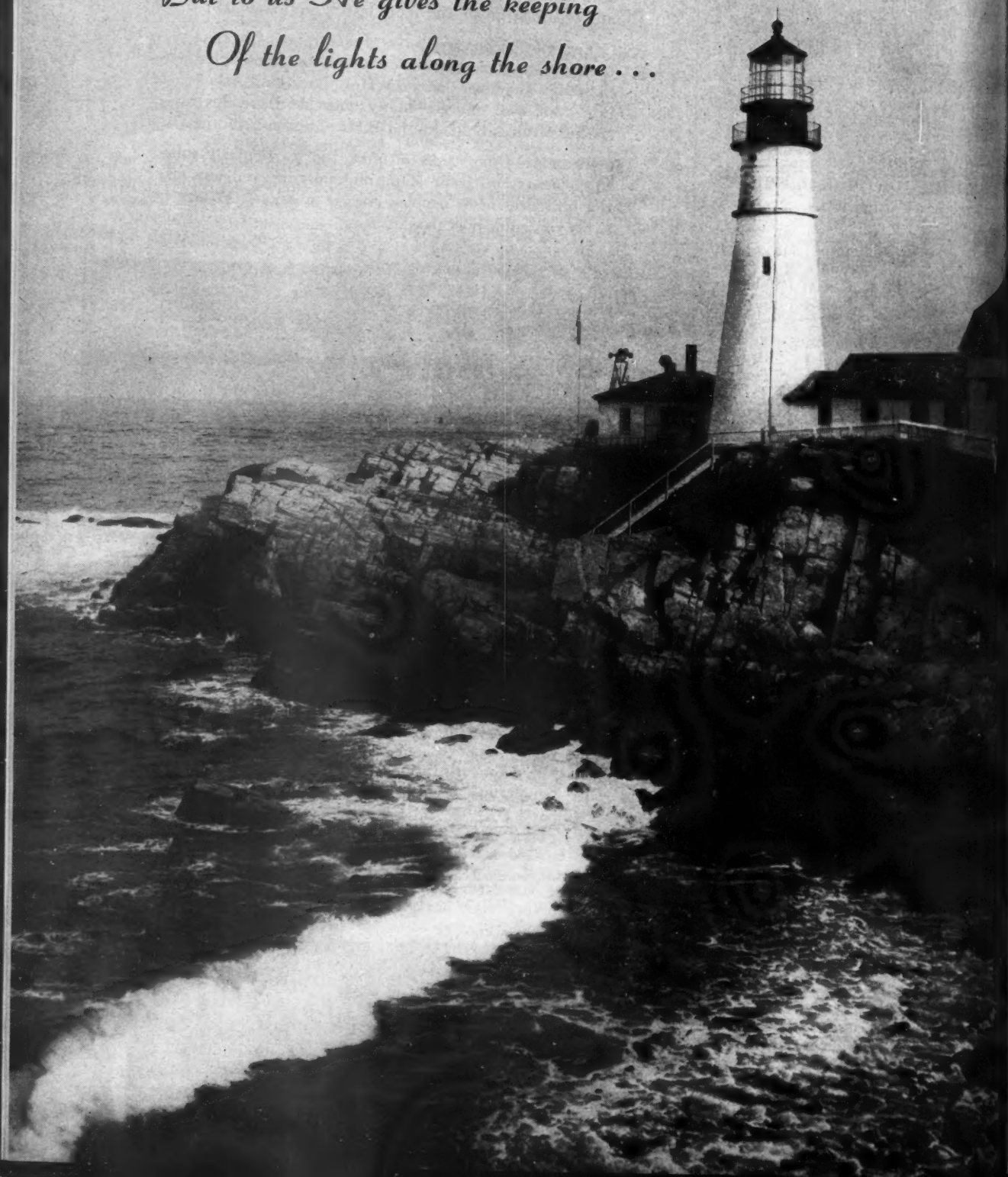
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*Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore...*





A Department of Interpretation and Comment

Edited by **GABRIEL COURIER**

AT HOME

OUT: Big, tough, ungrammatical Frank Hague has bowed out as mayor of Jersey City. He rivaled Calvin Coolidge in the brevity of his political obituary; he said, simply, "I am retiring."

Thus passes New Jersey's pale imitation of New York's Al Smith—and a man with nation-wide influence. Kicked out of grammar school early in his teens, Frank Hague got down immediately to the artful business of snaring votes; he grew up in the slums, and he left Jersey City with at least 15% of its buildings in the slum category—unfit to live in. He left it with the highest tax rate in the country. But he also left it free of crime; there hasn't been a holdup in that town for twenty years, it has never known a night club; gangsters from nearby Manhattan were met by strong-arm men and hustled back across the river. The only intimation of anything crooked in Jersey City lies in the presence of a young army of racetrack bookies. Hague liked the horses.

On a trifling salary, Hague managed to get himself an estate in Florida, a yacht on the Riviera.

Mr. Hague saw the handwriting on the wall; his machine was beaten badly in nearby Hoboken, and the man who has named most of the New Jersey governors since the 1920's saw clearly that he could not name many more. So he turns over the keys of his political city to an amiable nephew, Frank Hague Eggers, aged 46. Perhaps he is too amiable, not as tough as Uncle Frank, for already there are rumors of rebellion. The old machine creaks, may collapse very soon . . .

COURAGE: Disgusted as was South and North at the blow dealt to justice when the lynchers of South Carolina were acquitted in spite of their confessions, both South and North are nevertheless encouraged at the action of Mayor Hugh Vann of Hartsboro, Alabama,

in outwitting another lynching mob. With three other devotees of law and order (including a former mayor) he snatched a Negro victim from a gang that belonged on the other side of the railroad tracks, got him out of town and into a safer jail. After it was all over, the mayor said modestly, "We all co-operate pretty well around here."

He's right about that. News items emphasizing the sensational, consistently fail to mention the fact that the better people in Dixie hate the lynch law quite as much as those in the North. There is developing, and developing fast, a new leadership in the South that will go far in solving a problem that has been considered insoluble since the Civil War.

Our hats are off to His Honor the Mayor—and to the growing host down there who see things as he does—and who have the courage to act!

REPORT: Like a clean breath of fresh air comes the report of the President's Advisory Commission on Universal Training. Even the pacifist, reading it (and we mean *really* reading it) will call it the finest thing he has read in years.

Being Americans, millions of us have that in our democratic and Christian hearts which rebels against the thought of compulsory military training. The members of the President's commission had that—yet they were honest enough to insist that the word "military" not be by-passed, but recognized in their discussions and in their reports. If we must have it, this is an ideal form of training! The commission has presented the best possible program; anything short of that (as Dr. Poling says elsewhere in this issue) they will oppose.

When you live in a world of wolves, you guard your gates! That's all the commission is attempting to do here. Now it's up to the President and Congress. Action may not come for several months, perhaps another year; if and when it does come, we believe it will be vastly influenced by this report.

VETO: This editor is the eternal friend of those two Republicans in the House who switched, voted and helped beat the overriding of the President's veto on the tax bill. By the narrowest of margins (two votes), the House gave the *coup de grâce* to the Republican effort to cut John Public's income taxes. We predicted the cut would never be made, and it will not be made, at least this year.

We believe it was a wise veto. It was a veto based on intelligent economic reasoning. Much as we would like to save a little of the money we're now giving the Government, it is still true that the wise man stores up his money in times of plenty against the lean years. We are having a feast, right now; employment is the highest we've known in some time; there is a money boom and a business boom; prices are up and people are still buying. But that can't go on forever. There will come a time . . . ! And rather than cut taxes in these good times, it is smart to accumulate a surplus against the rainy day—which the President is trying to do. It would have been good politics for the Republicans to make good on their promise of a cut; it would have been faulty economics.

Actually, it was a cut in the interests of the higher brackets. A family with an income of \$2,405 would have enjoyed a cut of about 1.2 percent; a man making \$25,889 would have enjoyed a cut of 18.2 percent—which is hardly playing fair with the little man!

The labor veto was overridden by Congress—naturally! This one, the country wanted; Congress represented the majority when it insisted that something be done to correct conditions that have become unbearable. Labor's honeymoon is over. Comes the cold, grey dawn of reaction—and we think, will come more labor bills on top of this one. It just had to happen.

BREAD: The American wheat farmers on the western plains will produce this year the greatest bumper crop in the history of the world. We will have so much bread that we won't know what to do with it.

There is hunger in Hungary. Is there anyone in the house who imagines that we will send much wheat there? There is starvation in the streets of Germany and Russia; does anyone think we shall send much there? Here we are with bread for all the world to eat, and half the world starving to death—and we are so frightened at the prospect of a loaf of that bread building strength in the body of some young foreigner that we'll probably let a lot of our wheat be ploughed under, or rot in the grain elevator.

If Jesus Christ had said only one thing, He could not have said anything that would mean more to the world of 1947 than "Man shall not live by bread alone." That's true now, with a venge-

ancel! Here we are, with four-fifths of the world's automobiles and half its telephones—but what have we by way of moral leadership and culture and workable ideas? In that department, we fumble while the world burns!

MARSHALL: More and more we are amazed at the adroitness and plain ability of Mr. Secretary Marshall. He knows intimately the world in which he lives; when he speaks of its problem, he speaks bluntly and to the point. When he spoke recently at Harvard, he said

Mr. Marshall is one hundred percent right. Europe, staggering from a general lack of confidence in the future, from food and coal shortages, from the almost invisible damage of the war—Europe will *never* get back if she depends completely on the largess of the United States. Even that largess has its limits, and the moral strength of a man or a nation tend to become flabby when he or it is satisfied to go on living as an object of local or international charity.

Stand on your own feet, Europe!



Drawn especially for Christian Herald by F. O. Alexander

PROBLEM CHILD

some things that should not have been overwhelmed by that speech of the President's ("It's an outrage!").

Mr. Marshall was on far better ground at Harvard than Mr. Truman found at Washington. It will do no good whatever now to bluster over Russia's *coup* in Hungary; it may be an outrage, but there it is, and there isn't much of anything we can do about it. But in telling Europe flatly that recovery was as much (and more) a matter of cooperation on her part as it is of charity and relief on the part of bountiful Uncle Sam, the Secretary of State put his finger right on it! He calls for frank open discussion of that suggestion in a European conference, soon. If the representatives at that conference have Marshall's candor, we may get somewhere.

COURIER'S CUES: Federal purge of Communist sympathizers among employees will step up within a month or so; Federal Income Tax Processing Office will move from New York to Kansas City as part of this campaign. . . . Strong move is on to merge Army and Navy hospitals. . . . Watch for next Communist *coup* to start in Rumania; the first steps have already been taken. . . . Commies in France are desperately fearing return of their worst enemy: de Gaulle. . . . Princess Elizabeth may become engaged to scion of house of Mountbatten, before winter. . . . Senator Ball of Minnesota will turn his fire on industrial monopolies next. . . . Edgar Bergen will appear sans Charlie McCarthy in "I Remember Mama" . . . And that's all for now.

A B R O A D

PERON: The United States will play ball with Peron. With President Peron of Argentina. Resigned is Spruille Braden, Assistant Secretary of State for Latin-American Affairs, who has been Peron's thorn in the side ever since he took office. As a gesture of good will on his part, Mr. Peron has dumped overboard a few more Nazis, and our State Department likes that. Likes it so well that it plans now to welcome Argentina into the Western Hemisphere defense system, and to help that country arm.

It had to come; the old policy of trying to force our will and judgment on Peron and Argentina just didn't work. It was a false start. Brow-beating a man with as secure a hold on his country as Peron has was bad diplomacy, to say the least. But how he got that hold, how he maintains it and what he does with it from here on is cause for worry. Some in this country are shouting that the last vestige of democracy and liberalism and enlightened politics in Argentina is defeated with this move; that while we have recognized a fascist-minded dictator and state to aid us in our fight on world communism, we may have armed a totalitarian who will think nothing of turning his guns against us.

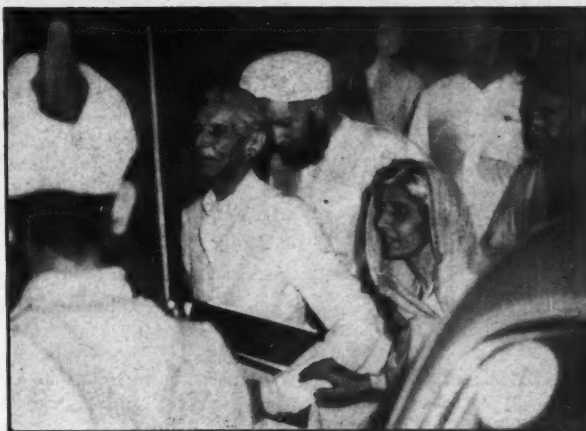
These are dangerous waters, yes—but waters into which we must sail, whether we like it or not.

INDIA: New fires leap in India. For centuries, there has been the blaze kindled by British imperialism; now it is civil conflict between Hindu and Moslem, even between Moslem and Moslem.

At New Delhi, a band of Khaksars (Moslems who oppose Mohammed Ali Jinnah's Moslem League) broke into a league meeting and started a young riot. There is real inter-Moslem conflict here, over the proposal of Pakistan (the independent Moslem state). Around the fringes of the fight hovers the wraith-like figure of the Hindu Gandhi, who announces to both Hindu and Moslem that he will "go freely in all parts of India, both Hindustan and Pakistan, without a passport. . . . Nobody will prevent me from going. . . ." All is not sweetness and light—yet.

And why should it be? In such a major shift as this, trouble is inevitable. There may even be civil war, which we doubt; certainly we must expect differences of opinion. But they will not last long, insofar as governmental structures are concerned. There is real leadership in India, and it is young leadership. There are thousands of young men and women trained in the schools of the West; they have sharp minds and firm hands, and they will get the ship on an even keel quite as quickly, we believe, as we did this country.

Rome wasn't built in a day. The



PRESS ASSN.

United States were not united overnight. But the human thirst for liberty and the human drive for security work miracles. In your time, you will see miracles in India you never dreamed of. Give them a chance!

HUNGARY: The Soviet coup in Hungary is bad news. But not so bad that it cannot be tempered with better news—if we act wisely.

There are several angles of real importance in this affair. One is that the democratic nations have muffed their chance in this section of the Balkans. We have had, indeed, one chance after another to save Hungary from just what has happened to her at the hands of the Russians; and all we have done is to play the disastrous game of the balance of power while Russia got stronger, waited her chance—and swooped down. Another angle is that the great majority of the Hungarians are non-Communists, which means that Mr. Stalin may have bitten off more than he can chew.

But the most important angle lies in the fact that in taking over Hungary, the Russians have Rumania surrounded, have forced on Czechoslovakia a long common frontier, have protected Russian-dominated Yugoslavia, have put themselves in a position to bring new fierce pressure on the frontier of Greece, and have enabled themselves to get at trembling Italy via the back door of Yugoslavia and Albania!

And what can we do about it? Two things. We can withhold American ratification of the Hungarian peace treaty—which will help nobody. Or we can withhold American money and supplies—which will hurt a great many, including the non-Communist majority of the country. What we shall actually do, of course, depends upon the course of the entire European situation across the next few months.

Short of a shooting war, we can engage in a war that is political and economic. Economically, we can do much, if we will. It might be worth trying, before we even begin to talk of unlimbering the guns.

UNDERGROUND: Two British officers were kidnapped from a public swimming pool near Tel Aviv; later, they were abandoned by their Jewish captors, who were members of the belligerent, terrorist, underground organization known as Irgun Zvai Leumi. Those were the bare facts of the case. But behind the facts. . .

The release of the kidnapped ones, it seems, came at the insistence of another and more powerful underground group known as Haganah—a group made up of idealistic and well disciplined young Jews who are determined that they will protect their homes, but who frown on the terrorist methods of Irgun. Haganah has drawn into its ranks the finest youth in Palestine; it also has the backing and sympathy of the majority of the people, who do not want terrorism.

This kidnapping turned out to be a test of strength not between the Jews and the British—but between Irgun and Haganah. And Haganah won, easily, by simply calling on the people to co-operate in rescuing the British officers. Haganah went further: it asked the people not to turn over any Irgunists to the British; that was a job for Haganah!

The violent sectors of any underground always get the headlines; often, the real power work *sub rosa*, sans publicity. Haganah is like that—it is the Number One power in Palestine, and it has the approval of the people, which is rather important. We think there will be no split between Haganah and Irgun, and that Haganah will ultimately take the reins. But there is conflict between the two groups, and their struggle for dominance will largely decide the fate of the whole Jewish movement.

CHURCH NEWS

BIGOTS: Cardinal Spellman has put us all straight. In a New York speech, he puts it on the line that anyone who dares criticize the Roman Catholic Church is a bigot.

The pot boils in India! There is civil conflict between Hindu and Moslem and even between Moslem and Moslem. Above, right: Mahomed M. A. Jinnah, head of the Moslem League, is guarded from a Khaksar band (Moslems opposed to the League). Left: Hindu leader Jawaharlal Nehru talks to tribal chiefs.

We've heard that one before, but not with the trimmings added by the cardinal. He says that the Protestants are waging a crusade of bigotry by attacking the patriotism of American Catholics; he charges that the campaign is aimed at halting the growth and expansion of Catholic education; he calls American anti-Catholic feeling "un-American and un-Christian."

We say flatly that when the cardinal says these things he says things that are not so, and we are startled by the bigotry of a man as well informed as the cardinal, saying them. We have not to date seen a single Protestant attack on Catholic patriotism; rather, we have read scores of items emphasizing the fact that Catholics, Protestants and Jews stood side by side through the recent war, fighting for a freedom which is the direct denial of the cardinal's attitude. We aim at halting the growth and expansion of Catholic education? Not so, sir! You and your Church are at perfect liberty to organize and maintain all the schools you wish; we challenge anyone's right to oppose that. But if you mean Catholic education in the *public* schools, if you mean this attempt of the Catholic Church to have nuns and priests do the teaching and the indoctrinating in state-supported schools—then we're agin' you, sir!

The present anti-Catholic feeling is "un-American and un-Christian"? We deny that. A defense of the American way against the totalitarian Catholic way (as we have seen it in Mexico and Spain and Italy) is decidedly an *American* right and privilege. Nor are we un-Christian when we maintain that any Christian, under this democracy, has the



DR. POLING HONORED. The editor of *CHRISTIAN HERALD* recently received the Medal for Merit from Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson. "For exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the United Nations during the recent war," reads the citation. "Dr. Poling, as an accredited war correspondent, president of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, editor of *CHRISTIAN*

HERALD, and vice-chairman of the Service Men's Christian League, exerted a world-wide influence upon the young people of the Christian Church. As editor of *CHRISTIAN HERALD*, he did much to crystallize public opinion and rally support regarding the moral issues of the war, and to encourage Army and Navy chaplains in the performance of their duties. With the title 'America's Spiritual Ambassador of Good Will' bestowed upon him by the late President Roosevelt, he did much to influence religious leaders of all faiths concerning 'the statement of the Christian Conference on War and Peace.' On his tours abroad he conducted the preliminary discussions out of which came pronouncements of Protestantism in regard to the moral issues of the war. . . . As a representative of American Protestantism, Dr. Poling brought great encouragement and high inspiration to the chaplains as well as to all military personnel and civilian leaders in the various theaters that he visited."

right to worship his God in spirit and in truth, wherever and however he will. Do you deny that?

In a democracy, the people have a right to speak. Any Church which forbids them to speak, denies everything that this democracy stands for.

CHANGE: Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison, editor of the *Christian Century*, has resigned. Moving into the editorial chair is Dr. Paul Hutchinson, managing editor of the *Century* since 1924.

We have a feeling that Dr. Morrison will "be around," though he is no longer editor. He is the sort of man who cannot quit, and we hope he doesn't. He bought the *Century* in 1908, when it was about to collapse; he and Dr. Hutchinson have made of it one of the most influential religious journals in the country. As far apart as the poles, in policy and theology, from *CHRISTIAN HERALD*, we would nevertheless offer our journalistic congratulations to a man who has been a real force on the American religious front, who has stood by his guns like a good soldier, and who has influenced deeply the thinking of the American ministry.

To Dr. Hutchinson—our best wishes. He has just the shoulders for the mantle, and he will wear it well.

FUN: We read in *Colliers* a little item entitled "It's Fun to Go to Church," written by one Jefferson Machamer, who demonstrates a Paul Bunyan quantity of humor and a Lilliputian quantity and quality of respect for everything the Church and the ministry stand for.

Seems that Brother (?) Machamer, a rather unchurched citizen, got acquainted with a parson out Southern California way who impressed him very, very much. The parson came to call, "sprawled in a chair opposite us, lighted a cigarette. . . ." Come Sunday morning service, the same parson "while the choir sang . . . walked slowly, soberly down the aisle to my pew . . . tapped the shoulder of a man sitting directly in front of me . . . said: 'Mr. Jepson, I'd like you to meet Mr. Machamer. You two cook up a golf game for us next Wednesday.' Then he strode, robes billowing, back to the pulpit."

Church was just a lot of fun. It was fun to "impress your neighbors with the large bill you casually toss in the collection plate." It was fun to spend your pew-time just looking around: "there's a chuckle in every hat. You might even look at the minister. He's funny to look at. . . ."

We'll say he is. Any parson so little conscious of his calling that he will strut down the aisle of his church to set up a game of golf ought to spend all his time on the golf course, and none of it in the most sacred spot in this world. Any man who thinks of the sanctuary as a three-ring circus ought to go to some church where lives are changed. And any magazine that will run such a piece of blasphemous nonsense ought to have a change of editors, quick!

LAYMEN: Often we have complained in these columns that the laymen in the churches are not being treated right, not being given enough to do. We can't complain thus, this month.

Mr. Charles Taft, of the Ohio Taft, has been elected president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and he has already begun to make his lay influence and spirit felt. Mr. Samuel A. Fulton, a Wisconsin industrialist, is now moderator of the United Presbyterian Church; he hopes this will be "layman's year in all the churches." Mr. Wilbur La Roe, Jr., an attorney for the Port of New York Authority, was elected moderator of the 159th General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the USA.

It's a trend, and an important trend. Both clergy and laity, we believe, are at last waking up to the fact that a disinterested, inactive laity means inevitably a dying church. The laymen are going to work; they are infiltrating more and more into the important church boards; they are setting policies; they are guiding church drives. It is one of the most hopeful signs on the whole Church horizon.

TEMPERANCE

ADVERTISING: Calvert has a tricky lot of ads telling the public that Mr. So-and-So has switched to Calvert because of this-or-that. One of their latest told us that Mr. Henry Kopf "has switched to Calvert because Calvert tastes better." Seems fair enough, at first glance.

But a nosy PM (New York) reporter named Ira Peck just didn't like the smell of that ad, and he decided to do a little private detective work. He looked up Henry Kopf, found him ("a flabby looking man about 55") in a fifth-rate saloon in Union City, N. J. Questioned about his switch to better-tasting Calvert, the alcoholic Henry replied:

"I didn't get nothin' out of it. . . . Me and Louis Setti, we were sitting here drinking. . . . So while we were drinking, the agent of the Calvert Company, he comes in and says, 'Did you ever try Lord Calvert?' So we says, 'No.' So he says, 'Have a drink on me.' John (the bartender) didn't have Lord Calvert, but he did have Calvert Reserve—that's a little cheaper—and we found out it was a very good drink. Then he asks me and Louie for our names and addresses and we gave it to him. . . . I'm a whiskey drinker. . . . I'd drink any whiskey just as long as it was whiskey. . . ."

Well, that's how Calvert made the amazing discovery that the discriminating, particular, taste-conscious Mr. Kopf picked their brand! No wonder Methodists are going all-out in a campaign to help the passage of the bill by Senator Capper (S-285) which would prohibit interstate liquor advertising. More power to their Methodist fist. And you might write your senator about that bill, too!

FOR NO REGRETS, HEAR THE WURLITZER ORGAN FIRST!



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The WURLITZER ORGAN Series 20—Two-Manual

Editorially Speaking...

● ON BEING FUMIGATED

I'VE just come from being fumigated. I attended an interdenominational meeting in which 23 men and four women considered the present state of the world. Six made themselves comfortable and happy at the expense of the rest of us. Four smoked cigarettes and two smoked pipes—perhaps the vilest pipes ever caressed by human tongues. No, gentle reader, I didn't get sick, I never do. But I write in protest. Why should six men—religious leaders at that—spoil the air of a committee room?

Several years ago, I answered a question in *CHRISTIAN HERALD* raised by a distinguished woman who said that she would no longer attend certain representative interdenominational sessions because tobacco smoke nauseated her. She wanted to know what I thought about the general idea. Well, I thought then as I think now—and I shall send this editorial to the chairman and secretary of the particular commission I'm writing about. I do not imagine that it will do any good! But there are still many churches and many committees to whom and to which this growing practice is offensive. Surely the brethren and a few, very few, sisters can wait with the rest of us for an hour or even longer. And if they can't wait, there are rest rooms.

Railroads particularly are to be commended for a campaign, which seems to have become general, to reserve coaches for non-smokers. They've had a difficult time, but big, strong conductors and brakemen have begun to get results. Here is real progress in a field where Britain has gone far ahead of America.

In *CHRISTIAN HERALD*'s new building there will be a beautiful, air-conditioned directors' room. It will comfortably seat 50, and we shall place it at the disposal of church groups, particularly; but as is the case with chapels in the Presbyterian and Methodist buildings of New York City, we shall keep the air clean and healthful.

The head of our house expects to find me saturated with tobacco fumes when I return from certain functions, but she is surprised when I come home fumigated after a session with preachers.

Amos R. Wells once wrote: "The average smoker is unmoral. He makes the smoke without regard as to where it goes, or whom it affects."

● I WONDER WHY . . .

IN THE final session of the National Conference for the Prevention and Control of Juvenile Delinquency (called by the Attorney General of the United States and held in Washington, D. C., last November) a resolution was presented which was read under a strangely imposed condition. The chairman ruled that the resolution should not be discussed or voted upon. Here is the resolution as prepared and introduced by William V.

Mahoney, executive secretary of the Allied Organizations of the District of Columbia:

"Whereas, the use of narcotics is one of the causes of juvenile delinquency; therefore, be it resolved that this National Conference for the Prevention and Control of Juvenile Delinquency recommends the promotion of educational efforts for the elimination of narcotic addiction by children and youth, stresses the importance of scientific instruction in public and private schools regarding the effects of all narcotics, and favors the strict enforcement of all laws against the sale of narcotics, especially alcoholic beverages and cigarettes to children and adolescents."

The chairman of the session stated that the resolution was highly controversial and not in order for consideration by the conference. However, the general applause which greeted the reading of the resolution indicated that the conference itself was willing and eager to deal with the matter.

It is difficult to understand the attitude of the chairman and his ruling. *CHRISTIAN HERALD* does not believe that any scientific and socially sound approach can be made to the problem of juvenile delinquency without considering the sale of narcotics to, and the use of narcotics by, children and adolescents. Under the general head of narcotics, we include alcoholic beverages and cigarettes.

● BOOK CLUB SCORES AGAIN!

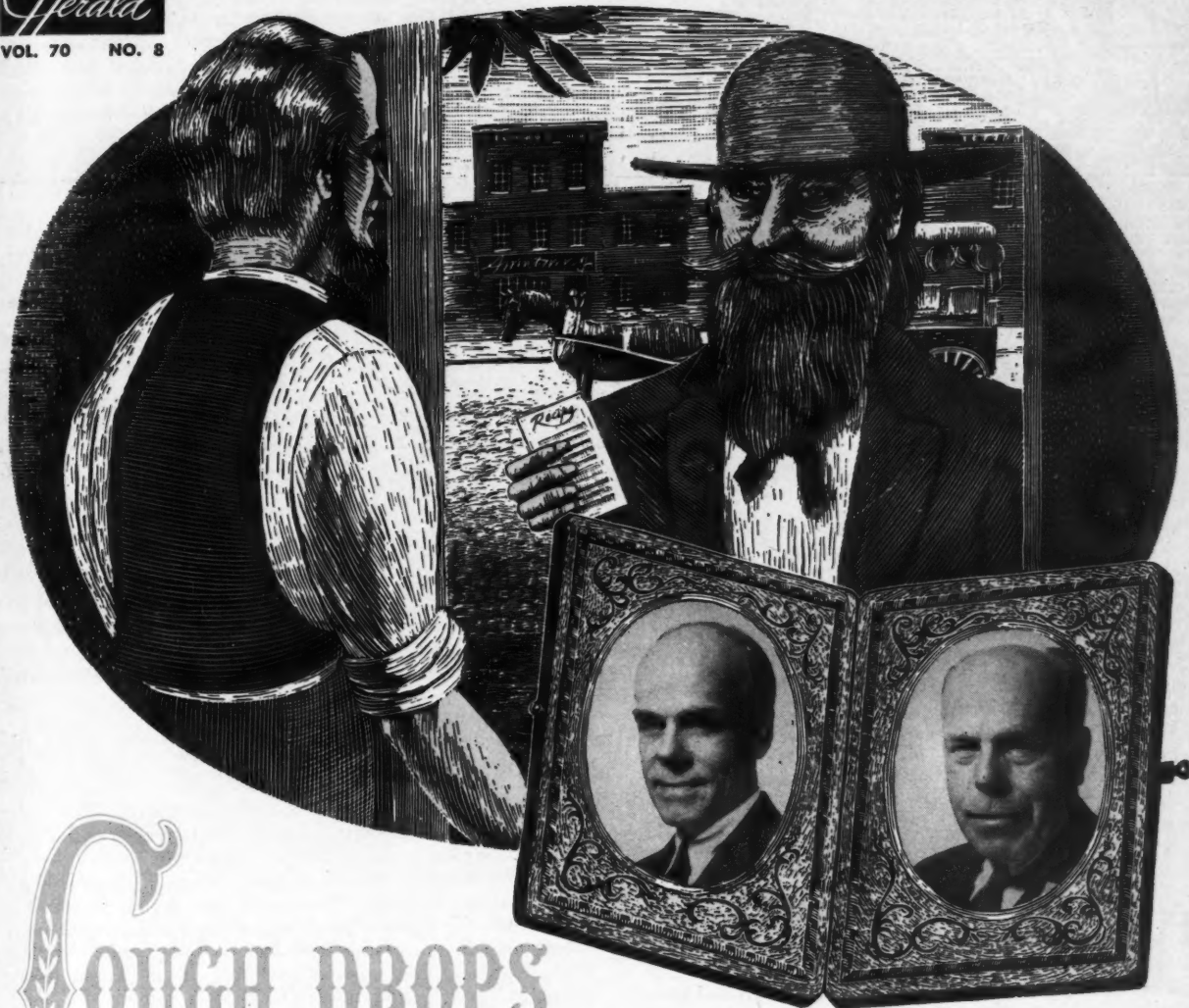
THE selection for July of this, the first of the now multiplying book clubs is a loathsome novel. It is perhaps suitable for reading and even study in an alcoholic clinic, or by mature and scientific minds after the publisher has made an honest statement of what it is. But we judge it a literary, moral and social menace when broadcast to the general public.

For a book club to release this novel to the American home and to all ages is another betrayal of a really great trust. Perhaps we witness now, on a scale never before achieved, the steady perversion of the reading habits of a people. Twice in as many months this club has scored in such a sorry fashion. I cannot believe my eyes when I read some of the distinguished names appearing on its masthead. Surely Dorothy Canfield Fisher wouldn't do it! And yet one reviewer for the club suggests that here is another "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

For such as this, protest is not enough. Presently *CHRISTIAN HERALD* hopes to have another kind of answer.

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF *CHRISTIAN HERALD*

The present Smith Brothers appear in the frames below: William W. Smith II, left, and Robert L.



COUGH DROPS and CHRISTIANITY

In the saga of the Smith Brothers is a great piece of Americana—and an outstanding example of the application of Christian principles in big business.

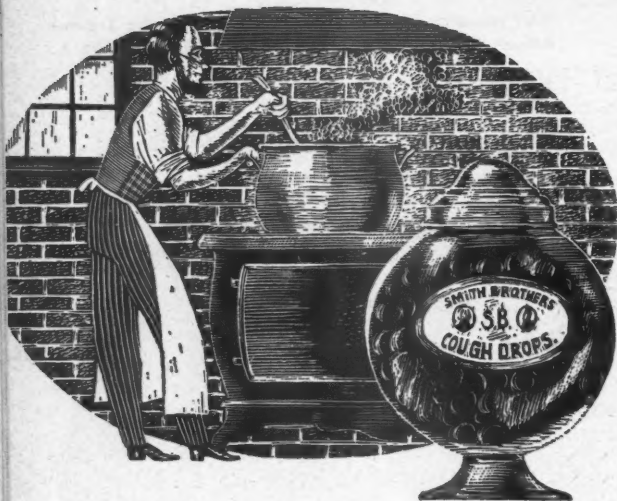
BY RALPH H. JOHNSTONE

JUST one hundred years ago—in 1847—Poland was made a Russian province, General Winfield Scott stormed Chapultepec, the widow of Napoleon Bonaparte died in Paris and James Smith moved from Canada to Poughkeepsie, New York. It was a muddy, blowsy, frontier town he came to, and probably neither he nor the village knew he was to make history there, quite as Scott had made it in Mexico and the Little Corporal in Paris. Go to Poughkeepsie today, and you find the natives proud of Vassar College, a 1700-foot suspension bridge across the Hudson—and Smith Brothers Cough Drops.

Not one in ten thousand Americans knows much about the college or the bridge, but can you imagine an American

who has not tasted the little black cough drop? Is there a man with soul so dead in this land of free enterprise and the common cold that he has not paid out his nickel for the little white box with the two bewhiskered Smith Brothers on it? Those whiskers are Americana par excellence: as much a part of this country as George Washington's hatchet and Abe Lincoln's high hat.

And how many of us know that the business still carried on by the current Smith Brothers was and is 'one of the most arresting pieces of religion and Christian philanthropy, one of the most dramatic demonstrations of religion-in-business, to be found anywhere in this profit-crazy world? It was to find out about *that* that we went up to Pough-



ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY BATE

keepsie, hoping for an interview with one of the Smith Brothers, or both.

We drove into town across the long bridge and asked a freckle-faced little Irish boy if he knew where the Smith Brothers plant was. He knew, exactly. Up to the park, turn left, and it's in the middle of the third block, on your left. Sure enough, it was right there. It was an unpretentious old brick building set in off the road—too modest a place, we thought, for a business with an annual gross of \$5,500,000 and an output of 3 billion cough drops a year. Inside, we just asked for the Smith Brothers. One was in, one wasn't; Robert L. was off somewhere, playing golf. He has been Hudson Valley Champion; his anatomy is not too neatly nicked in several places by flying hockey-sticks. Sorry we were to miss him. But William was in. William the Second.

HE WAS in an office much humbler than our own. We looked around for Oriental rugs and for oil paintings on the wall; there weren't any. There was a bookcase with some old books and some packages of cough drops and some bottles of Smith Brothers Cough Syrup. Behind a small desk sat the present president of Smith Brothers.

We remarked that he wore no beard. He smiled.

"No beard. Shaved it off."

"Recently?"

"Yes. We had a party for the whole plant, to celebrate our one hundredth birthday, and all but six men grew Smith Brothers beards. We had the finest collection of hirsute foliage since the end of the 19th Century; but it didn't last. The beards tickled, or the wives didn't like them, so most of us shaved as soon as the party was over. One fellow kept his, though; says it saves him 20 minutes shaving time every day!"

Did the original Smith have a beard? He showed us a picture of the original James. Aye, he had a beard—burnsides—and a pair of eyes that looked right through you, even from the picture a hundred years old! Was he as fierce as he looked?

"He was quite a man. Born in Scotland, you know—so he was canny and a good solid Presbyterian. Took his religion and his business as seriously as he took life and death! He came down the Hudson on a river steamer, and I've often thought he must have snorted like a mad bear when he looked up at the town on the bluff and saw the famous Vassar Brewery. He hated liquor almost as much as he hated the devil; probably they were one and the same so far as he was concerned. And he transferred that hatred to the two youngsters who came with him—the first Smith Brothers, my grandfather William, and his brother, Andrew.

"Grandfather went a lot farther than his father went, where liquor was concerned; he really rolled up his sleeves. He ran for mayor on the Prohibition ticket, and lost. He ran on the same ticket for state senator, and lost. He ran as a Prohibitionist for governor, and snared just 854 votes. He'd have run for President, but he couldn't; he was born in Scotland. So fiercely did he hate Barleycorn that he wouldn't even allow ginger ale to be served in the restaurant; he detested that word 'ale!' Maybe he got that from *CHRISTIAN HERALD*; he subscribed for it!"

And they started making cough drops right away?

"No," said William II, "that came later. They opened a restaurant. The sign over the door read 'James Smith and Son.' Must have been a pretty good restaurant; we've still got it." (Later, we had lunch there. It *was* good; there was clam chowder actually full of *clams*, porgie caught the night before! It's still the most popular eating establishment between New York and Albany.) "You know, there was a saloon next door to that restaurant; he bought the property, and closed the saloon tighter than the town jail. He laid it down as iron-clad law that no liquor would ever be sold in the restaurant, and it never was. We refuse to sell liquor there today—and last year the restaurant had the biggest year in its history! There are a lot of people, you know, who want to get away from liquor when they eat; they hunt places where they can do this.

"He also made it a rule that there would be no smoking in the place, and that it would be closed on Sunday. That's good Scotch Presbyterianism, isn't it? And he made every woman who applied for a job as waitress bring a recommendation from her minister. He wasn't fooling about his religion!"

But—the cough drops. How...?

"Well, it started in a funny way. There were peddlers going up and down the Hudson in those days—the last of the line of old Parson Weems—with packs on their backs full of knick-knacks and wagons full of tinware. One old peddler stopped one day to talk with great-great-grandfather James. Don't know who he was, or even where he went from there. But he gave or sold to James Smith a recipe for a 'cough candy'; he hadn't had much luck trying to sell it. James took the formula inside when the peddler went on, mixed up a batch of the stuff and cooked it on his little kitchen stove. The minute he tasted it, he knew he'd stumbled onto a gold mine. He had a remedy for the common cold that tasted like candy.

"He cooked the first batches of the stuff on the old restaurant stove, put it up in five-pound bags and chased the boys out on the streets of Poughkeepsie to peddle it. They did pretty well. William was the hustler of the two; he had already made a name for himself as 'The Candy Boy,' selling molasses sticks at a penny apiece. When the father died, the two boys took over the restaurant and the cough drops, and William became the spark plug. (He once gave President Taft a free sample of his cough drops, right in the White House.) Andrew believed in taking things easy. Couldn't be bothered. He died a bachelor.

THEY soon got to the place where they didn't have to peddle the cough drops on the street any more; they put big glass jars in all the stores, and they offered the dealers free envelopes, or bags, for convenience in selling. That was one of the first attempts at packaging in American business. They put their pictures on the bowl and the envelopes, and on the little white box we still use.

"Competition got going of course; it seemed as though half the people in the country were trying to steal the idea. To protect themselves, 'Smith Brothers' took out a trade mark. Under William's picture on the box was the word 'Trade,' under Andrew's the word 'Mark.' They were known as Trade and Mark until they died.

"Old James would have loved to watch son William work. He ran the business like a general until he died in 1913; he had more energy than any other (Continued on page 68)



Johnny's eyes stared hypnotically at the great black piano on the lighted stage

Miss Garth

By JAY WORTHINGTON

SHE led Johnny Miles to the forward section of the orchestra, in front of the overhanging balcony. The theater auditorium already was half-filled, which was gratifying. She would need all the help she could get.

A faint sigh of triumph slipped from her lips when the thirteen-year-old boy was settled, somewhat self-consciously, at her side. She had paid for the tickets, but that was nothing. Johnny's resistance had been the big problem. She had won this far because, she knew, she might never have another chance.

Johnny Miles was looking at the big concert-grand piano on the stage, but his passive eyes and mouth told her nothing. She never knew what Johnny was thinking. She had learned, however, that he did not like to be con-

sidered different from the other boys.

"The piano was brought here for this recital," Miss Garth whispered, as if Anton Boron's instrument had sanctified for the evening the one building in town suitable for the event.

Johnny's blue eyes remained unblinking. "I wonder if he plays swing."

The fear gripped Olie Garth again, shrinking her heart like a drying sponge. The cruel irony of it—that the success of one's entire span of years must rest upon the unstable whims of a slender, awkward boy! But when, if ever, would another Johnny Miles come her way? She could not know. She knew only that her hair was turning white, and that her life had been spent fanning

the rare sparks without ever feeling the warmth of the full flame.

I wonder if he plays swing—

This meaning of the word "swing" had not existed in Olie Garth's youth. She had known Bach, Mozart, Beethoven. Later she accepted Tchaikowsky and Borodin, and then Debussy and Sibelius. Even the old popular tunes, the early jazz, had not seemed as hostile as "swing."

"I don't think so," she finally answered Johnny Miles. "Anton Boron plays the greatest composers. See—look at your program!"

Miss Garth's bright little eyes darted about the theater as Johnny rustled the pages. The seats were filling rapidly. Here and there were the bold colors of evening gowns, and stiff shirt-fronts,

(Continued on page 69)

ILLUSTRATOR
CARL D. STRICKER

If This Be Universal Training...

An excess of misinformation is afloat regarding this most important question. What are its implications? And how did the President's Commission arrive at its conclusions? One of its members takes us inside

By
DANIEL A. POLING

AFTER nearly six months of intensive study, the President's Advisory Commission on Universal Training, composed of eight men and one woman, reached the unanimous conclusion that "Universal Training is an essential element in an integrated program of national security intended to safeguard the United States and to enable us to fulfill our responsibilities to the cause of world peace and the success of the United Nations."

Commenting upon the report the day after its release, Bernard M. Baruch, "Elder Statesman," referred to it as "particularly a measure to promote peace." With intimate knowledge of the procedures of the Commission, and after close association with its members, whatever the final action of Congress, the commissioners were guided by one purpose alone—to promote the security of their country, and in so doing to help make the world secure, to strengthen the United Nations, and to advance a just and an enduring peace.



COMMISSION. Chairman Karl T. Compton gives President Truman the Report of the President's Advisory Commission on Universal Training. Members look on.

To these eight men and one woman the report was a momentous "God helping us we can do no other" conclusion. There were deeply moving moments in the East conference room of the White House, both when witnesses appeared and when the commissioners sat alone with the materials they sought to evaluate and with the weight of their moral responsibility to the nation's youth and for national security and world peace heavy upon their consciences.

Among the witnesses were boys and girls from farms and schools, ex-servicemen, labor leaders and educators, earnest pacifists and equally earnest representatives of the armed forces,

specialists from every field of social action, reformers and home-makers, industrialists and internationalists, former Secretary of State Byrnes and present Secretary Marshall and other cabinet members. All sat informally with the Commission, both hearing and answering questions. There were off-the-record and unrecorded secret sessions which did not add to any commissioner's peace of mind but which did profoundly augment his sense of responsibility.

When the Commission first met it was apparent that individual viewpoints were far apart—as far apart as were the commissioners in their civilian relationships and their backgrounds of race and



JOURNALISM. Off-duty courses in newspaper work are given.



MUSIC charms the trainee via classical recordings.

faith. One commissioner was a Roman Catholic, two were Jews, and six were Protestants; three were lawyers; three, educators and university presidents; two, clergymen, and one a woman distinguished in the field of labor and industrial relations, who is the recipient of her country's two highest civilian awards. One of the lawyers is an outstanding representative of the Negro race. Another has served as a state supreme court justice and the third represented his country as Ambassador to Russia. Four of the nine commissioners, in replying to President Truman's invitation, suggested that he might wish to withdraw the invitation since they had reached no conclusions in the matter or were unfavorably predisposed. One commissioner had previously signed a public statement in which he opposed the Army plan for military training. Two had appeared before a Congressional committee in favor of wartime universal training but had not expressed themselves on peacetime training.

IN THEIR first session four members of the Commission indicated opposition in principle to peacetime Universal Training. Not until the closing weeks of the Commission's life were statements of opinion written, and these were tentative and without prejudice to a possible final conclusion. Always the deliberations were objective and the final unanimous vote perhaps a surprise. At no time was the Commission directly or indirectly subjected to pressure from any individual or agency of the government. Its deliberations and schedule were completely free and its conclusions are its own.

For a total of twenty-nine complete days, and half that number of evenings (and nights—one until 5:00 a.m.!) the Commission sat in full session. Sections of the Commission met on other occasions in New York and Washington,



RELIGION. The large number of trainees who have joined a church of their choice and the large church attendance every Sunday amazes UMT objectors.

while individual members met with special groups in various parts of the country. An average of seven members were present at some portion of each of the regular meetings, twenty-seven of which were convened in Washington, D. C., and two in Princeton, N. J. There were direct consultations with some 200 people who represented every shade of

conviction and opinion, who came from every age level, from every area of public and private life and every geographical section of the United States.

Figuratively, there were occasions when we "took our hair down" and when individual members said, "Thus far and no farther will we go," but an impasse was never reached; differences



NEATNESS and cleanliness are musts for the Ft. Knox boys.



TRIAL. Minor infractions are tried by the men themselves.

were reconciled, common ground was found. And, guided by "the perfect chairman," President Karl Compton of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, we achieved complete unity at last.

That word "unity" is significant. The Commission declares that unity is the bedrock foundation for American security. There must be no segregation, but complete equality for all races, colors and faiths under the plan. If we are to have Universal Training then it must be universal.

It is well to add that neither favorable nor unfavorable criticism of the Commission's report can be justified until the report itself is read. Summaries appearing in the public press are utterly inadequate. Here, for instance, is what appears in the body of the report with regard to "Commando Training," for which there is declared to be no room: *"Such instruction may be essential in time of actual war, although even that has been questioned by some military experts; but in peacetime this type of training would be sadistic. The Experimental Unit at Fort Knox does not include it."* The report then goes on to affirm that such instruction could be quickly added to a man's earlier training in the fundamentals of soldiering, if ever an emergency should require it.

Under "Duration of the Program," the Commission affirms that it should continue only so long as military necessity requires it; that when necessity ceases through the hoped-for growth of a world with real international order and an effective United Nations, *"it should be quickly abandoned since it has no proper place in American life*

except to the extent that national security and our world obligations demand it." The full statement of this section further justifies Mr. Baruch's opinion that the report is "particularly a measure to promote peace."

OTHERS will write of military and technical aspects of the recommendations. In reaching these conclusions and shaping their recommendations I have had my full part, and with them I am now in complete accord. But our interest here is primarily in the moral and religious phases of the plans and activities proposed and with those intimate particulars of the Commission's activities with which only a commissioner could be familiar.

Never before in the history of nations has any proposed training plan so carefully provided for the moral and religious guidance of trainees. However, at this point one vital matter should be cleared. The Commission was emphatic and unanimous in saying that no such program as this could be *"in any wise a satisfactory substitute for the training and care which should be given a child from birth—in his home, church, school and community."* The Commission found that institutions and programs already operating in these fields could best serve and advance these purposes and it is always primarily with the trainees' physical, mental, moral and religious welfare during the training period that the report concerns itself.

Under the heading, "Moral and Religious Aspects of Training," these vital phases are minutely dealt with. Here it is pointed out that a high moral level

can be maintained through the influence of leaders of the character the report insists must be in charge of Training. An Experimental Unit was set up at Fort Knox in January, 1947, under the command of Brigadier General John M. Devine, an officer with combat experience and of high Christian character. This unit has made a pattern and set a standard that commits the Army and all other services to the parents of American youth.

The report affirms that the Armed Forces would be responsible for applying *"this same pattern and spirit in all procedures and programs for Universal Training."* The Commission became convinced that moral environment can now be provided in training camps and stations which would be far superior to the environment many of these boys would otherwise live under in their home communities. At this point the Commission calls attention to the fact that nearly half the population of the country is not now identified with churches or synagogues of any faith, and concluded: *"The Experimental Unit at Fort Knox, in addition to giving trainees spiritual guidance in their respective faiths, has made available to boys of no religious faith, instruction in those fundamental principles from which all moral values stem."*

Specifically, what are the moral and religious gains registered at Fort Knox? Are these particular trainees a hand-picked lot or a true cross-section of America's youth? What has been their behavior under the direction of General Devine and his associates?

(Continued on page 56)



TRADE. Instruction is given in many kinds of work.



ETIQUETTE. Good table manners are not neglected.



The Best Intentions

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

DOING the best we can is sometimes just not good enough. There are times when all of us have seen circumstances looming up ahead which threatened some disaster unless we, by our utmost effort, could turn aside the threat. But once in a while circumstances are just too big to be handled by any human means. So then . . . But perhaps the point can best be made by telling a story which I have watched unfolding across the years.

The story begins with Martha Brown, one of the few survivors of a vanishing race of unselfish elderly little women who have given all their lives and their loyalty in the service of one family of employers. Martha had been the maid, comforter, friend and unacknowledged mainstay of the Perry family for nearly forty years. She had cooked and washed and polished and even mended, and all the time she had asked for nothing but occasional pats of gratitude and

a small weekly wage. No, she had asked for one more thing—the right to keep on serving as long as she had breath in her body.

The Perry family, however, had shrunk in size through the years until all that was left was one daughter, Miss Charlotte Perry, a faded shy pastel of a woman who never seemed quite at home in a modern world. I had seen Miss Charlotte since I was a child, and she never seemed to change. My mother said that Miss Charlotte's mother had brought her up to be "pretty and useless," and that is exactly how she looked in a world which no longer values prettiness and uselessness as feminine talents.

The finances of the Perry family had shrunk even more drastically, so that all that was left of that state which used to be called "well-to-do" was the

big gloomy mansion on a street from which fashion had long ago packed up and moved away.

A large mortgage had had to be put upon the old mansion—and this, I am sure, was a bitter shame to Miss Charlotte's pride. But more than the shame was the worry of meeting payments every month. The two little women had small expenses in the running of the big house, but every month Miss Charlotte had to face the major crisis of the bank payment on the mortgage.

SEVERAL times the bank which held the mortgage tried to help her with the unwieldy situation. The vice president came over and sat in her large, dusky, faded parlor and drank tea from her Haviland cups. When he could bear to bring out the realistic sensible words, he blurted them out.

"Miss Charlotte, we've been thinking about your situation. And the sensible

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATOR

ISABEL DAWSON

It Happened *in a Sunday School Class*



The class: (front row) Carolyn, Drusilla, Joyce, Shirley, Mary Jane; (back row) Miss Sergent, Janet, Carol Ann, Pat, Catherine Ann. Barbara came late.

BY MARY ELIZABETH SERGENT

"**W**HAT kind of person," I asked my new class, "is a Christian?" Six young girls, on the verge of their teens, perked up and began talking all at once. "A Christian doesn't steal," they chattered. "A Christian doesn't lie, or kill, or—well, you know—break any of the Ten Commandments."

"But those are all don'ts!" I protested. "What does a Christian *do*?"

There was deep thought for all of sixty seconds. Then Catherine Ann ventured hesitantly, "A Christian goes to church."

"Someday," I said slowly, "I'm going to ask that question again. When I do, I hope you'll have a different—and better—answer."

It was my first Sunday alone with these girls. I had offered to teach Sunday school for several reasons. Three

children who call me "Aunt Mary Betty" were the most important. Loving them dearly, I did not want ever to see them roaming the streets, the bars, and the theaters with the empty, unhappy faces of my frustrated contemporaries. The cynical indifferences or freakish fanaticisms of those contemporaries were other reasons. I did not flatter myself into feeling one insignificant teacher could make much of a dent, but I had grown up believing a little heaven will lighten a great loaf, and "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" often shakes the world.

My offer to teach was accepted because I was young, had lots of energy and an honest face. The Sunday school needed help. In our city the population was mounting, but Sunday-school registration and attendance were falling.

They decided I could not be much worse than nothing. So the class was mine. We were rather shy of each other, but rapidly becoming friends. They were learning to call me by my first name instead of the more customary "Miss Sergent," and I was learning to match six new faces with six new names and personalities.

THERE was pretty Catherine Ann, growing too fast, undecided between two Sunday schools. The scales tipped in our favor the day I taught her how to wear her hair in a more becoming fashion. (That lesson took five minutes between class time and church time; it anchored a potential religious tramp.) There was tom-boy Pat with her darting, inquisitive mind and her lovely, sensitive face. Pat has always been my

greatest discipline problem, but when I can hold *her* attention I know I am good. There was Barbara of the round blue eyes and quiet ways, who has always reminded me of a well-mannered and contented kitten; and Mary Jane, a pert and affectionate Irish miss with a fine powdering of soft brown freckles across her elfin nose; and Joyce, whose pointed little face was practically pulled apart by the constant pressure of her stiff, blond braids. There was silent Evelyn, whose trust and friendship are not easily won rewards; and there was Janet, "my little rabbit"—shy Janet with hair like spun Norwegian sunshine.

Since we joined forces there have been others, three of them transferred from a class become solely masculine, the rest brought in by their friends. There is Meta, with the face of a Russian Madonna, strawberry-blond Eleanor, and sociable Marjorie. There is Elizabeth, a handsome girl struggling with a new environment; and artistic Drusilla, who has eyebrows like soft little brown moths, and is quickest of them all to debate a point. There is Carolyn, slender and graceful, with the modest shyness of the little French child-saints; and Dorothy, who tried me out a bit her first Sunday to see just how far she could go, and, having found out, has been my good friend ever since; and Carol Ann, who has a perfect attendance record, a pleasant face mirroring a tender heart, and dainty little ways which would have charmed Lewis Carroll. Finally, young-

est of all, there is dark, bouncing Shirley, an exuberant ball of energy, who runs Pat a close second and tries on all my new hats.

On the morning when we first met as pupils and teacher, discipline was just about one-hundred-and-fifty-percent easier to maintain than it had been during my apprenticeship. The cause of this lay in changes worked in the appearance of the room during the previous month.

OUR room is a tiny oblong just off the church kitchen. The door opens beside the stove. The ceiling is low and crossed by two great tin pipes carrying hot air from the furnace to the church auditorium. The original walls, erected with the church in 1844, are of plaster-covered brick. Our cubbyhole was carved from a larger room, and the two later partitions are of inexpensive pine. We boast one-half of one window, cut lengthwise by the partition, two small light bulbs, and checked linoleum on the floor.

At first glance I had viewed this room with dismay. The upper walls and ceiling were painted a depressingly practical slate color. The lower wall was a nauseous chocolate-brown. The hot-air pipes, only spot of color in the dark little hole, were bright orange, and struck me between the eyes the minute I entered the door. The floor was very dirty, and the curtains at the half-window were even dirtier. The furnishings consisted of two very feeble

tables and seven aged chairs, all varnished a discouraged brown. We had also fallen heir to three bent coat-hangers, a folding screen, the old common-cup communion service, assorted papers and miscellaneous trash—and a framed motto with a dirty glass, admonishing us to "Put on the Whole Armor of God."

Having declared myself entirely incapable of proclaiming the glory and beauty of God in this den, I had enlisted the aid of my friends and fellow-teachers. We discarded the feeble table, the coat hangers and the framed motto, removed communion service and screen to more appropriate quarters, burned the trash and the window curtain, and set to work.

Today the floor shines with wax. The lower wall is a soft, light green. The upper wall and ceiling, including the pipes, are ivory. No one ever notices the pipes anymore. As they come in the door, their attention is caught by the Renaissance-style Madonna and Child, which, worked in crayon, ironed into a piece of old sheet, and framed in a heavy gilded frame rescued from my great-aunt's attic, hangs above the altar at the far end of the room. Blue birds are painted on the wall over the picture. The altar is a box, covered with a beautifully white sheet on which a cross of yellow tulips has been stenciled. It bears tall candles, white vases and a Bible.

Bright red and yellow tulips march
(Continued on page 74)



In the classroom: (left) Pat points to *St. George and the Dragon* on the picture window; (above) Janet lights the candles on the white homemade altar.

Martha and the Atomic

BY ANNIE KENDALL WILSON

A SOFT little sigh of worry went out of Martha Ruggles' lips as she ironed—big shirts for Sam, little ones for Charles. The small shirts were growing bigger very fast. All over the world women were ironing shirts of all sizes and worrying about their men, with all this talk of atomic bombs destroying people—destroying the world.

A kind of sickness came over her this morning as she ironed in the bedroom with the radio turned on. The voice was saying: "It is inhuman to think that whole nations will devote their best scientific brains toward materials for destruction instead of developing a higher civilization, a civilization which can come about only through mutual interests and greater understanding . . ."

Martha set her iron down carefully to listen. "We must create a world government with a limited objective—the objective of peace." She folded a small shirt and gave it a loving pat. Then she began on a big one. She looked at the bed with its load of crisp shirts. "Just what I've been thinking," she was answering the radio. "The nights I've rolled and tumbled, and Sam snoring away as if we had nothing to worry about!"

"Leave such things to people who know how to run the world, and go to sleep," Sam would say if he happened to awaken. But Martha wasn't so sure that certain people knew how to run the world. She had a strong conviction that mothers should take some decisive action, but what?

The radio speaker went on: "If the inhabitants of Mars descended to earth and were about to conquer us, we would forget our quarrels and unite under one law for survival . . ."

Martha chuckled. She was remembering the day she had been so mad at Sam for buying a new horse and that same afternoon the horse broke into the neighbor's garden. Pretty soon the irate owner came to give Sam a piece of his mind and to collect unreasonable damages. Right then she was on Sam's side, united in anger against the outsider.

Nations were like families, she thought, ironing carefully around a button. She wished she could iron out the differences of the nations as easily.

"We should not elect any person to public office who does not pledge him-

self to establish peace through law and government," she heard. "If every citizen would persuade ten other citizens to this same belief, and they in turn were to urge ten more, the force of ideas would explode in chain reaction like split atoms, with each particle splitting other atoms."

"What words could I use that would persuade ten people?" she demanded aloud of the rather plump, timid-looking woman staring at her from the mirror across the room. Then she grinned at her reflection. "I am not eloquent . . . I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue," she quoted, remembering Moses' excuses to the Lord.

It was time to start lunch. She pulled the plug from the wall and went into the kitchen, but she left the radio turned on. She could hear the voice occasionally—better let the man finish what he had to say.

Martha had made the salad right after breakfast and put it in the ice box, and boiled potatoes to cream. Now she put these on to heat. The boiling vegetables scented the kitchen, and the satisfaction of providing good food for her family rolled over Martha soothingly.

The ice box was filled with milk and butter and fruit. If the man had been talking about food for hungry people, that would be something she could reach out and put her hands on, but this other was from within to be plucked out of the mind without form or substance.

SHE measured the mix for corn muffins. "I could telephone some people. The minister? No. I must see him, and Mr. Jones, the editor of the paper . . ." And there were the president of the PTA, and the school teachers. They were easy people to talk to. And Jenny and Sue—she could telephone them; they might understand, but more likely they would think her crazy. She sighed again. You couldn't do things right off like that; folks here hadn't built up to it like the radio man. Why, Sam would think something was wrong with her if she started in on him!

Martha was beating the batter faster and faster. "In a decade people should—" the words trailed into each

other. In a decade Charles would be a man; all the little boys who played in her yard would be men. She looked out the window. There were balls and bats, gloves and other little-boy signs scattered all over the backyard. Automatically then she looked at the half-empty cookie jar—scarcely enough for another raid. Perhaps she would have time to refill it this afternoon with animal cookies and maybe a few fat little clowns.

SHE was pouring the batter into the pans when the big idea came. She jumped as if the hot grease had splattered on her hand.

"Why, that man was making a mistake!" she exclaimed. They were all making a mistake. It was the children—they were the ones. They must learn to be friends with children of other nations!

Martha set the table in a daze. Plans were popping about in her mind like corn in the popper the boys held over the fire on rainy nights.

When Sam came in he looked at her anxiously. "What's wrong, Martha?" he demanded. "Anything happened?"

"Just something on my mind—" "There's always something on your mind," he laughed in relief as he washed up. Then he sat down at the table.

"Charles, are you ready?" she called. They could hear him whistling outside. Sam reached over and took a ball and cap from his son's chair.

"It's the little folks like us who must do something about this universal law and peace; the man said on the radio." And Martha went on to explain some of the things she had heard, wrinkling her forehead in an effort to make her meaning clear.

"Folks like us must get in touch with those other little people—parents and church members, with other parents and church members—German, Italian, Russian, Japanese—all of them."

"You look as if you had the plan all mapped out," Sam teased. "A plan for the whole world. I hope it's as good as your cooking!" He reached for his fourth muffin and passed them to Charles.

"I have," she blurted out, ignoring this last. "It's the children—our schools. If our children write to the school chil-

ILLUSTRATOR

ALFRED F. MILLER

Bomb



Martha set down her iron carefully to listen to the radio. She was worried.

dren in other countries and really get to know them—"

Charles had been listening, with his glass of milk in his hand. Now he set it down carefully. "You mean if I were to write to a boy in another country," he interrupted excitedly, "and other boys in my class write to other boys, and they write to others—?"

"Yes," Martha was smiling at his enthusiasm, "and tell them we are interested in their country, and in them and we want to help them . . . that we don't want any more wars—"

"And if *they* don't want wars there couldn't be any because we would be the men then," Charles said in a grown-up voice.

"If enough boys decided that, when they got to be men, there *would be* a world government with malice toward none . . ." his father said slowly.

MARTHA was busy all afternoon, and as she worked she felt her enthusiasm slipping away from her like foam from the dishwater. There was the ironing to finish, and a pie to bake for the church supper. She baked cookies—a spicy jar full, six for each boy, she counted. Martha wished she could talk to the mothers as she did the boys.

She tried to plan a telephone conversation with Mr. Jones, the editor, that would interest him enough to print something about it in the paper. Here goes then, she decided, and gave the telephone number.

When the crisp voice of the girl who gathered news answered, Martha felt a lump come up in her throat. "Who is this, please?" the girl was asking, and there was the little rustling noise of paper as if the girl were getting ready to take notes.

A wave of embarrassment swept over Martha and washed all the words away. She had never felt so foolish in her life. She eased the receiver back onto its cradle. Then she stood for a moment shaking with futile anger.

She could talk to Jenny, but after a long wait she gave it up. Jenny wasn't at home.

Then she tried Sue, and when she answered Martha started right in talking before she lost her nerve. "Sue, did you have your radio turned on this morning?"

"Of course. Wasn't it exciting in that story where Kitty is about to find her sweetheart—"

Martha gulped. "No, I didn't mean that. This was a man talking about world government and peace—"

"Oh, I never listen to those," Sue
(Continued on page 65)

Evangeline Booth:

GENERAL OF THE ARMY

In any list of "Great Women of Our Day" this woman's name stands high, and with good reason. Though she now is "retired," Miss Booth is still a dynamo—at 81!

By DOROTHY WALWORTH

AT THE age of 81, Evangeline Booth is a general of one of the greatest armies on this globe, both in numbers and in influence: The Salvation Army. Nearly 4,000,000 persons wear its uniform, work in 92 countries, speak 102 languages. An army of Christian soldiers, sworn to service and to sacrifice, its discipline is strict, its regulations severe, and its promotions hard to win. In all its history, since 1865, it has had only six Generals.

Last spring I visited General Booth

at her home, near New York. She possesses the timeless beauty that comes to a woman who has light and shadow in her heart. But not for one moment could I forget that this slender, stately woman was a general. Though retired from her command, she is still the passionate soldier who, as a 16-year-old recruit, worked in the infamous Seven Dials district of the London slums.

The Salvation Army began simply and humbly in 1865 when William Booth, a Methodist minister, and his

Quaker wife, Catherine, set out to save, in soul and body, the neglected slum-dwellers of East London who were thought to be too grimy for the fine pews in the conventional churches.

When the Booths spoke in the streets, the poor and outcast crowded around and listened gladly to the words: "Come unto Me all ye that are heavy laden . . ." "Though your sins are scarlet, they shall be as white as snow . . ." People who have never done anything to be ashamed of cannot know God as we sinners do. Take hold of the hand of God. Don't be afraid. It is not a policeman's hand."

No wonder tens of thousands joined the Salvationists' ranks!

IN THOSE early Army years, the Booths had eight children. Their daughter Evangeline was born on Christmas morning in 1865.

"I was a blithe sort of child," General Booth told me, "more fond of playing my guitar than cooking or sewing. Tomboy games, high diving—that's what I went in for. Dolls bored me, because they had no hearts."

"When did you begin wanting to lead the Army life?" I asked.

"Very early," she answered. "I saw my parents working for their people, bearing their burdens. Day and night. They did not have to say a word to me about Christianity. I saw it in action."

"On my fifth birthday my mother talked with me quietly in my room. She said I was named after the Evangel, and she hoped the world would be better because I had been born, and I must think what I wanted to do with my life."

"My parents didn't know how their work and devotion had stirred me. They were always afraid that I might leave the Army, and as I grew older they even suspected I might go on the stage because—well, I had a bit of good



General Booth presents a Bible to General Jonathan Wainwright shortly after his return from Japanese prison camp.

looks and a gift for speaking. Besides, I was no cold prudish creature. But I never was tempted into the world—at least, not too much. It's interesting to be tempted a little, you know."

"You seem like a woman who would have married," I said.

A shadow passed over her face. "Goodness knows, I always liked men," she said. "But my only real love wanted me to give up the Army. So we parted. I have been devoted to millions of hearts, instead of to one."

EVANGELINE BOOTH began her work at the age of 16. She did not wear the uniform or the Army bonnet her mother had designed, copying the style of her own Quaker bonnet. She thought she would get closer to the slum people if she wore what they did. So, dressed in rags, she went to the saloons, the prisons, the cellars and alleys.

"Folks called me 'The White Angel'," she told me. "Maybe because I was so pale from nervousness. Often I was afraid. You see, I went to places that fortunate people cannot even picture."

She stopped and looked at me earnestly over her teacup. "It's hard to explain," she went on, "but after a while, those people were—me. I did not live one life but many lives. I was the chimney sweep, the woman selling wilted violets in the Square. And the more I saw of the darkness, the more I wanted to tell about the Light of the World."

"I began telling with my music. I would sit in a corner of a saloon with my guitar and start singing a gay song. Folks hushed their talk and listened. Then I'd try a hymn. I've always used music, and so has the Army, because it searches out every heart. It does not rouse argument, but the will to follow. It makes us remember all the good we have known, and wish to find again."

"What a greenhorn I was and how many mistakes I made!" General Booth continued. "It is not easy to be wise in helping people without acting with dreadful condescension or clumsy zeal. Even the lowliest have their dignity and don't want you bursting into their lives, even if you are bringing them a loaf of bread."

"When I told my listeners that God loved them and could save them from sin, they would often call out, 'What do you know about sin, a young girl like you?' And I would say, 'I am sure you can tell me a lot about sin that I haven't heard.' It made them feel proud, poor things, to think they knew more than I did, even if it was only about sin!"

A portrait taken in 1940 a few months after General Booth retired as international commander of the Salvation Army.



At 18, Evangeline Booth donned the uniform of a Lieutenant. She lived in a slum room with two chairs, a rickety bedstead, no running water.

"We had many enemies in those days," she told me. "To the respectable people of England, 'Rescue the Perishing, Care for the Dying' sounded as if we were trying to spread discontent among the poor. So we were not allowed to hold meetings in any church. Fire brigades doused us with water. Magistrates gave our soldiers long prison terms for disturbing the peace.

"The unbelievers and the hoodlums, armed with sticks and stones, frequently turned my street meetings into a battle. We Army folks were supposed to pray for our enemies. But I found other ways of softening them up. For instance, once a man threw a rock and made my arm bleed. I marched up to him and said, 'Here. Bandage this. You did it. You fix it.' I astonished him into being my friend. He tended to my arm, and, months later, joined our Army.

"Whenever I was faced with a mob I would pick out the leader and ask him to protect me. The first thing you knew, he was on my side.

"Of course, our Army gave those people food, clothing and shelter, according to their need. But other gifts were even more essential—such as self-respect.

"Once I took from a filthy cellar to my slum room the four children of a drunkard whose wife had just died in childbirth. When he heard I had the children, he stormed into my room, roaring he was going to kill us all. When he saw the fire in the grate, the white cloth on the table and his children in fresh clothes with their faces clean and rosy, he stood and stared. I said to him, 'What beautiful children these are! A man must have fine qualities to have such beautiful children!'

"Those words stirred his pride as a man. That night he began his road to redemption."

ALTHOUGH Evangeline Booth received no favors because she was the Founder's daughter, her executive genius did not pass unnoticed. At 23 she became Commissioner of the London Army, and, five years later, Commander of the Canadian Forces. She was appointed, in 1904, Commander-in-Chief of The Salvation Army in the United States. Through World War I she was her Army's Director of War Work. From 1934 to 1939 she wore the gold bars of General of the entire world-wide Salvation Army.

In 1937 Hitler decreed that The Salvation Army in Germany could keep on working but could not wear uniforms or collect money. "I wrote him a stiff letter," General Booth told me. "I said: 'If we cannot collect money,

how can we get funds for our work? As I think you over, I have not decided whether you are a dunce or a devil. Let me remind you, sir, of the size and influence of The Salvation Army.' In a fortnight he sent me a letter, backing down."

She sighed. "Those years were all so full. I traveled the world over, speaking in thousands of places, meeting countless people. I stayed away, as much as I could, from statistics and committee meetings, so often the funeral services of enthusiasm. But there was plenty I never did achieve. Patience, for instance. I was an impatient young woman, and I'm an impatient old woman.

"I never can be long-suffering with people who think our Army is a lot of pleasant beetle-heads who spend most of their time waving tambourines. They ought to hear about just a few of our other activities. Mission schools in places where the poor have no other chance for education. Hospitals for unmarried mothers. Eventide homes for the Aged. Prison-Gate homes where we try to rehabilitate ex-criminals. Farms and fresh-air camps for slum children. Inebriates homes where we use the newest scientific methods to combat alcoholism. Employment bureaus; workshops in which we employ thousands to patch together the old clothes people give us so they may be of use to thousands more. Food and shelter hostels. Of course, our low-cost hotels for working girls have a special place in my heart; they are called Evangeline Booth Homes, and I founded the first one.

OURS is a twofold program. Our first aim is to save souls. Each man, we believe, must be converted—that is, he must repent, accept the Christian faith, and resolve to lead a new life. But we do not ask a man to lead a new life without showing him how. Many people who have experienced conversion fail in their new resolves, and get discouraged. That is when they need a helping hand, and that is what we try to give them.

"Don't think we are deceived by those who take advantage of our help. But that only makes us try all the more to give them a change of heart. You see, if a man is so desperate for a bowl of soup that he thinks he must pretend to believe in God to get it, we know he is in special need.

"During World War II, The Salvation Army in the various war theaters served 225,000,000 service men and women on 26 fighting fronts. We had around 3,000 Red Shield Clubs, improvised huts on the beaches and in the jungles, where we gave food and cheer. A score of our canteens were in the retreat at Dunkirk, and our workers in all but two were killed.

"When the Pacific Islands were taken, we landed with the first assault waves in our Invasion Canteens, rolling down the ramps of the LSTs. In half an hour we would be open for business. Many soldiers, storming ashore, were greeted by the strains of 'Onward Christian Soldiers' from one of our phonographs. And wherever, on all this earth, men are still stationed in lonely outposts, our Army is with them."

GENERAL BOOTH was officially retired in 1939, at the age of 73. But she still puts in an 18-hour day making speeches, corresponding with people all over the world, counseling the Army's officers and cadets.

The General has her strenuous recreations. She can still do the swan dive. Each morning she gets up at 6:30 for a horseback ride.

"Have you always been sure of your faith?" I asked.

"I've known my dark moments," she replied quietly. "I've wondered why my mother had to die of cancer, and my father go blind. I've wondered about the suffering everywhere in the world, and why there is always so much more sorrow than joy. But I have said to myself, 'God would not be much of a God if I could understand Him. This universe would be a trifling matter if I were able to see it clear.'"

"Faith is difficult. That is why the people who have no faith are the weaklings of this world," she continued. "I am amused by the kind of faith some people have. They are the people with a sort of high-flown dramatic religion that bears them up in disasters but doesn't carry them with any grace or humor through the small vexations. They keep a stiff upper lip when the house burns down, but they're grouchy if they lose a glove. Their faith can stand anything at all—except daily life."

"Tell me, General," I said. "You have had a great many honors—what was the greatest moment of all?"

"I was given all those honors only because I represented The Salvation Army," she answered quietly. "But my finest experience was a day I spent at our Leper Colony in Poethenkuruz, in southern India. A chorus of little leper girls had been trained to sing one of the hymns I wrote for the Army. After the prayer they went up to the altar and stood in their white dresses. Their faces and hands were badly scarred, but their voices were clear and true. When they came to the words in the hymn, 'With all my heart, I'll do my part,' they put their tiny scarred hands over their hearts."

"I was overcome," the General said, and there was a little silence before she spoke again. "Their faith and their light was so much greater than mine, I felt humble, seeing them."



Science

Catches Up with God

BY FRED MORELAND

IT IS the bright and brave young men who are supposed to write best-sellers—the youthful ones with verve, imagination, a freshness to their pens. Men of 55 or over seldom do it; they are old, tired, out of step. When a man of 60 writes a book that sells, it's news; when a man of 75 does it, it's a miracle.

But A. Cressy Morrison is 82—and he has just written "Man Does Not Stand Alone," which the publishers (Revell and Company) tell us has been selling so fast the presses can't keep up. It is selling in huge quantities to Protestants, Catholics and Jews, to rabbis and renegades, to believers, atheists, scientists, Fundamentalists, biologists, sailors, Sunday-school teachers and to the great little common man who is reaching for something to hold to.

It is all the more remarkable when you read the book and discover that it isn't snappy fiction, but as scientific as a Harvard textbook on anthropology—and a lot more readable. "Man Does Not Stand Alone" is written by a man who went on a one-man crusade to prove that life on this planet is no

accident; it is the handiwork of God. We thought an author like that might be worth talking to. He was.

We found A. Cressy Morrison in his office at the Union Carbide Company, atop a New York skyscraper; he was at once more friendly than scientific. He said he was 82; if anyone else had told us that, we'd have laughed. He doesn't look it, or act it. He has verve, freshness, imagination. Young people like him; we could have talked with him all day. Recently he spoke to the students—700 of them—of Bates College. Too hard of hearing to catch what his "introducer" was saying about him, his eyes too dim to see the faces of his audience, he still made what the President of Bates called the chapel address of the year. No mean tribute!

How did one so far past his three-score-and-ten come to write such a book as this? His eyes twinkled:

"Just had to write it! I've been working on it a long time, but if it hadn't been for Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, I

probably wouldn't have finished it. He's my pastor—and a good one! I had him in to dinner one night, and after dinner I told him I thought it was time somebody took a good healthy crack at the atheists and half-baked 'scientists' who are doing their best to rule God out of the universe. I outlined what I had in mind—a book that would prove, scientifically, that life on our earth hasn't one chance in a million of being just an accident. He encouraged me to put it in print.

"I dictated most of it—in one day! Then I polished it up, filled in the gaps. Two publishers turned it down cold; Revell turned it down once, then asked to see it again. They published it, *Reader's Digest* ran an article on it—and the rest is history. But behind all that, of course, there was twenty years' work."

"Twenty—years?"

"Twenty. Or thirty. I've forgotten which. Way back there, I began to feel that the old natural philosophers who wrote before Darwin never got the credit or attention they deserved.

(Continued on page 78)

ILLUSTRATOR

CHARLES ZINGARO



CHILDREN'S Memorial Forest IN PALESTINE

"Brotherhood in action" is this project being undertaken by America's Christian children, described for us by two of the energetic youngsters who are its sponsors in this country.

By
JOYCE VAN PATTEN and RICHARD TYLER



IF THERE is anyone who still believes that children should be seen and not heard, they'd better turn the page right now. Because, though we're just 12 and 14, we'd like to tell you about the Children's Memorial Forest in Palestine which Christian boys and girls all over America are helping to plant. If the more than a million Jewish children whom Hitler put to death were old enough to die, then we kids who were lucky enough to be born in America are old enough to know what it's all about.

Our "forest" is going to be planted on the hills outside of Nazareth, the boyhood home of Jesus. These hills are barren and neglected now, but our trees will make them beautiful and green again, as they were in the days when He lived there.

By the trees that are planted, Christian children in America will be showing the Jewish children that we are their friends and want to remember their brothers and sisters who were killed. With the trees we will be helping to make a beautiful, new, happy home

for the children who are still alive in Europe. We have met a few of them who have been lucky enough to come to America, and they have told us about the many thousands who are still waiting to be rescued.

Most of these children are orphans now. And more than anything else in the world, they want a home, a *real* home where they will be loved—and can have fun the way we do here. Most of these children dream of Palestine as such a home. That is because they remember their mothers and fathers

prayed that they could go there. By planting trees and making the land beautiful again, we here in America will be helping to give these children the home they want so much.

Just how trees can help to make a home is a very interesting story in itself. You see, only twenty-five or thirty years ago the Holy Land was a barren neglected place. There were swamps and desert and diseases, and the hills were almost all bare.

WELL, when the Jewish pioneers started to come back to Palestine, the first thing they had to do was drain the swamps so there wouldn't be any more disease, and reclaim the land so that crops would grow. They found the best thing to do was to plant trees, by the hundreds of thousands. For trees hold down the desert topsoil and prevent erosion. In their roots, they retain moisture for the soil. We have done the same thing here in this country in the Dust Bowl. There our government has carried on a program of reforestation to prevent duststorms.

In Palestine, the hills are terraced and trees are planted in rows far apart. In between the rows of trees, crops are planted. The soil is very good and rich, because the trees nourish it. This whole program—draining the swamps, making the deserts into fertile fields, terracing the hills so they will be green again—is called Land Redemption. And the Holy Land is one of the best examples in the world of how it can be done with the aid of trees.

Because of the land that has already been reclaimed, many thousands of Jewish children rescued from concentration camps have found a wonderful new home in Palestine. And not only that, the new farm land and forests need young men and women to care for them—so it makes jobs for them as well. In the warm, sunny climate these young people are beginning to forget the terrible days in concentration camp.



The President and the authors of this article inspect a certificate for 1,000 trees in the Children's Memorial Forest in Palestine. The trees are the gift of Christian children in the U.S. and will be known as Harry S. Truman Grove.

But even though the pioneers have been working very hard, many miles of countryside in the Holy Land are still barren desert. There is lots of work to do yet. And many thousands of Jewish children are *still* waiting in displaced-person camps for a chance to find the home of their dreams in Palestine. That is why the Children's Memorial Forest is so important to the *living* children! It is our chance to help make a home for many more of them. The trees that we plant, in memory of their brothers and sisters who were killed, will help the surviving children to live.

Buying enough trees to make a forest is a big job, and boys and girls all over the country are helping to do it. Already many churches, Sunday-school classes, young people's clubs, Scout troops and other groups have bought

trees. Each tree costs \$1.50, but if thirty children each give a nickel, or fifteen give a dime each, that buys a tree. They are buying trees out of their allowances, out of money they earn doing odd jobs such as baby-sitting, cutting lawns, newspaper routes, etc. And often they have interested their parents in having a part in this investment in brotherhood.

THE Children's Memorial Forest in Palestine is sponsored by the American Christian Palestine Committee and endorsed by such outstanding Christian leaders as Bishop Sherrill, Bishop Oxnam, Dr. Ralph Sockman, Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Harold Stassen, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. Dr. Poling acts as treasurer for the committee.



The soil is hoed by hand before the saplings are planted.



European boys learn how to till the soil in Palestine.

Britain's Pews are Empty

Alarming are the statistics on England's church attendance. But that is not all of the story. Some constructive things are being done about it!

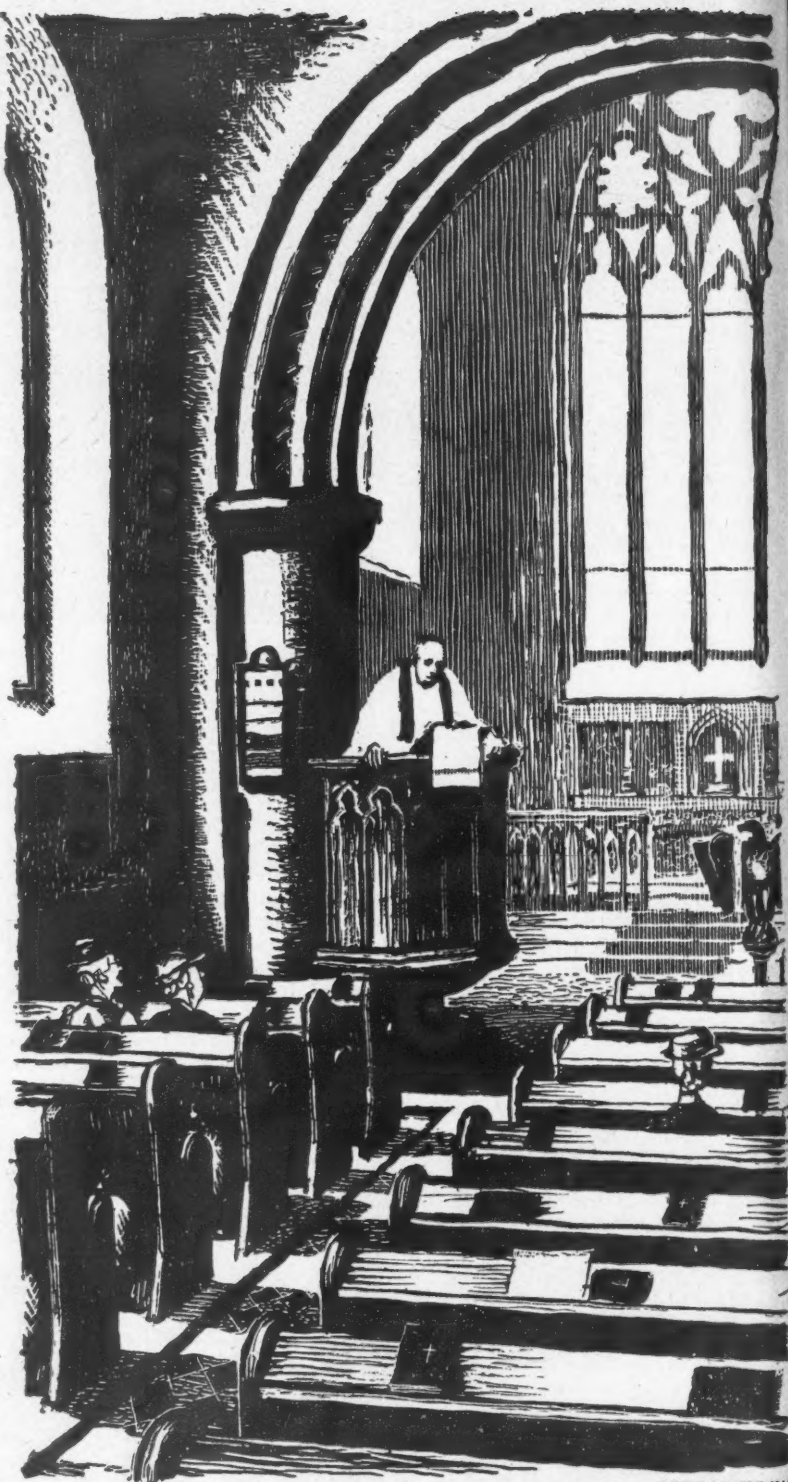
By RUTH WILLOCK

IN POST-WAR England, only one out of eight people goes to church. Out of London's nine million population, only five percent attend church regularly. Ninety percent of England's forty millions owes no allegiance to any Christian church.

Why?

I'd heard these things. I'd read these figures. I thought, *When I go to England this spring, I shall find out if this is true. And, if it is at all possible, I shall find out why.*

On Easter Sunday of this year, I was in England's southwest county of Devonshire. I awoke early to the ringing of the bells of Exeter Cathedral sounding across the Close, echoing across the valley. The morning was cold and still



LONDON DAILY MAIL

and grey; the cup of tea on the table beside my bed, a welcome sight, a bit of necessary warmth.

I thought, remembering my trip from London, *I must hurry—this is Easter . . .*

On the train coming down from London's Waterloo Station on Maundy Thursday night, England's holiday crowds had given accurate indication of

the busy weekend ahead. Good Friday as well as Easter Monday are national holidays; the corridors of the six o'clock evening train were so jammed it was impossible to walk through the cars. Dining cars could not serve second sittings, for there was no method of exchanging the diners who had finished for the hungry standees.

At Exeter, an hour before midnight, hundreds of people had poured out of the train into the city's streets—passengers from only one train out of many which had gone before and were to come after. All the hotels were booked, all restaurants, inns, taverns and hostels taxed to capacity.

All day on Good Friday, people streamed into the city. On Saturday more tourists arrived by car and rail from London and the North.

And so, drinking my tea on Easter morning, I thought, *I must hurry—I must not be late—this is Easter . . .*

The seven o'clock service was not yet over when a young English friend and I pushed open the heavy, studded door and entered the dim, freezing, magnificent cathedral. Far ahead, in the cold light, shadowy figures knelt in stern silence. Hundreds upon hundreds of pews were empty, and as we moved forward our footsteps sounded upon the uneven stone. Embarrassed by the deathly silence, I finally walked on my toes.

There was no sound to indicate the end of one service, the beginning of another; no sound but the shuffling of feet, the tap of canes, a crutch. We who had gathered for the eight o'clock service moved forward to the choir enclosure. We did not fill the pews even *there*; there could not have been more than two hundred of us. Behind us, the intricately vaulted nave lay dark and drafty, its pews empty and silent. Before us, past the beautiful bishop's throne erected in the 14th Century, past the 13th Century stalls, Church of England ministers repeated in unintelligible monotone the words of the Easter communion.

GONE were the lovely stained-glass windows I had seen the summer before the war; in some of the majestic arches were great blocks of concrete—reinforcement against the blasts that had rocked the city during the surprise raids in 1942. In others, instead of the jewel-like reflection of color from the windows, the grey sky repeated the cool tone of the grey marble; the only bright color was in the deep yellow stamens of the wax-like calla-lilies.

I could not help contrasting this with my church at home in the States: of Easter Sunday morning and the riot of color, the warmth of color as well as atmosphere, the deep resonant notes of the organ, the sparkle of candles, the uplifting sense of joy for Him who lived again.

In silence, interrupted only by occasional mumblings and replies, the services went on. Those who could remain kneeling upon the ancient cushions did so; most of the congregation could not—they half knelt, half leaned against whatever support they could reach for

most of that hour. My companion, age 25, was the youngest person in the congregation; the average age must have been close to 60.

I received communion at the altar without hearing a word of the minister's. For the first time in my life, I received communion without feeling.

I was physically, emotionally and spiritually frozen.

* * *

Outside, across the Cathedral Close and along the winding Devon country roads, with knapsacks on their backs, together, alone, in pairs, in groups and in cars, the people of England on holiday were passing by the Church of England on the anniversary of the holiest day in the history of Christianity.

DURING these Easter holidays of 1947, the bells of thousands of churches have been ringing; some of the ropes have been pulled by the clergy themselves, in parishes too poor to afford a bellringer.

How many people have answered these bells? How many have followed the sound to the source?

It is impossible to obtain exact figures today, but the estimates are that only 5,000,000 out of a population of over 40,000,000 go to church every week. As I looked around, it was not difficult to believe that ninety percent of the population of England owes no allegiance to any Christian church.

I began to ask questions.

* * *

"I will tell you about religion in England," a young English girl said. "When I was in the Auxiliary Territorial Service, stationed in a village in Kent, I came off duty one Sunday morning, with another Signals operator, at a quarter to eight.

"We stopped at the village church for the eight o'clock service before returning to the barracks. We wanted to take

communion. We were very tired, for it was during the worst part of the 'doodlebug' raids and we were stationed in 'Doodlebug Alley,' as that part of Kent was called. Our sleep was constantly interrupted and the work was very trying.

"We could have waited—I suppose we should have—for the service at the camp a few hours later. But we didn't. We went to the little church.

"We were the only two there and the vicar kept us waiting for some time before he came up to us and asked what we wanted. That surprised us, since we thought it was fairly obvious we had come for communion, but we were more surprised at his answer. He said, 'Oh, well, I suppose I shall have to give it to you.'

"One hour later, when the service was over, he still seemed cross with us. 'Tell me,' he said as we were about to leave, 'was there no place at your camp where you might have taken communion?'"

* * *

"What's the matter with religion in England?" the middle-aged successful businessman said at a dinner at a London hotel. "The young people have no faith. They don't believe in anything. In a way, I suppose, we can't blame them after what they have seen and what they have done during the six years of the war.

"But they'll find faith again," he said. "We did, after the last war. We had it during this war to pull us through. It is my personal opinion that our faith and our prayers during every crisis from Dunkirk to the Invasion brought us through to victory.

"Go to church? No—I don't. We older folk may not be that sort of religious, but at least we have learned the importance of faith in a world beset with problems."

* * *

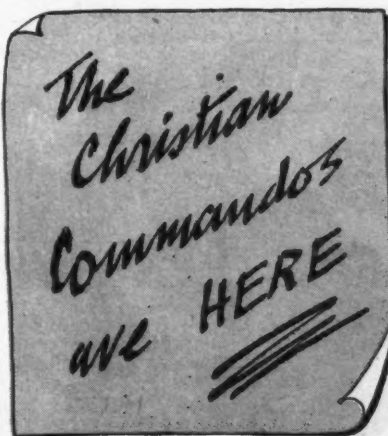
"I can tell you about religion in England," said a newspaper editor in London. "There isn't any. There is only Paulette Goddard's hair-do, and worry about how to fill one's stomach, and divorce, and the latest gory cinema from America.

"The Englishman should know better, but he is caught in a mass escapism at the moment. Aftermath of war, you know. But it's not leading anywhere. "It's not leading anywhere at all."

* * *

"No, I don't go to church," said a suburban housewife, while she was frying the fish for her family's dinner in some very ancient, much-used fat. "In the first place, I haven't time. It takes every bit of my mind and energy to plan how to feed my family on the food ration and how to save for the future. If there is any future.

(Continued on page 60)



Reproduced is one of the advertisements that appeared in the local paper during the visit of the ubiquitous Christian Commandos to an English city or village.

Where Two Ways Met

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL

THE STORY SO FAR: Newly returned from the service, PAIGE MADISON has an appointment with HARRIS CHALMERS, a high-powered realtor who has offered him a job. Somewhat suspicious of the man's business ethics, Paige nevertheless is in need of getting settled. Arriving at the office, he meets Chalmers' daughter, REVA—young, charming, spoiled. She manifests an interest in him which he does not reciprocate. He has no interest in any girl—unless it be the lovely blonde minister's daughter he saw fleetingly that morning for the first time. Three days later, he and JUNE CULBERTSON, the girl, find themselves involved in an errand of mercy. Working together, they become mutually attracted to each other. The errand taken care of, they dine at a swank restaurant where they meet Reva who is at no pains to hide her jealousy. Paige takes June home early, for he has to see Chalmers. *The story proceeds.*

[PART THREE]

THE business Mr. Chalmers wanted to talk over with Paige Madison that night was a mortgage foreclosure. Harris Chalmers had found through personal experience that Christian reputation and apparent innocence counted for a great deal in the business world, especially when the business itself was a little shady. The only trouble was that the young man he was trying to train into his ways of doing business was almost too smart and too conscientious.

When the conference was over and Paige started home a little after midnight he was conscious again of that feeling of uneasiness about the whole thing. He hated this matter of foreclosure. He didn't want any part of it, and frankly had told Chalmers so. But his boss had made it plain that this was an emergency case, as their man who usually went on such trips was away and might not be back for a couple of weeks. So Paige had reluctantly consented to go.

Since it was very late when Paige arrived home, and he would have to catch an early train to Boston, he had no way of telling June of his trip. But his mother promised to deliver the message next day. Neither of them knew, of course, that June too was leaving early, on another train, for a visit to her aunt.

All the way to Boston Paige worried over his assignment, wondering what

kind of person or persons he would be dealing with, and how he would find the harsh fortitude to deliver his ill tidings concerning the foreclosure.

Arrived in Boston, he made connections for the suburban town where his "victim" lived. He had been given to understand that this case involved a large sum of money and was several days overdue, beyond the thirty days the law allowed. There was definitely to be a foreclosure. The man involved had replied to none of their notices. Paige took a taxi at the station.



"I can give you my personal check in full settlement," said the older man.

"You know where T. J. Washburn lives?" he asked the driver.

"Sure do," the driver assured him, and started off down the street slowly. Paige observed that it was a pretty town and they were turning toward a pleasant neighborhood.

The cab turned another corner and drew up slowly in front of a commodious brick house, painted white. There were a number of cars parked on the street. Paige got out, paid his driver and turned to go up the front walk. The front door was standing wide open and there were flowers around the porch, a mass of them. Puzzled, he mounted the steps, glancing about for a doorbell. But before he found it, a young man in a frock coat came forward and greeted him soberly.

"I beg your pardon," Paige said hesitatingly. "Have I come to the right place? I want to see Mr. Washburn."

"Yes," said the young man. "Right in here," and he motioned toward a wide doorway a little beyond the front entrance.

Paige stepped into a large room to be confronted with the sight of a coffin in which lay an elderly man with white hair. A beautiful arrangement of lovely flowers was banked about the bier.

Startled, he stood still. He had come to a funeral! He wanted to leave, but he could not back out because other people were coming in behind him. He went forward to stand and look at the dead face, and while he stood there he could not help but think how but for a few days' happenings, he might have faced this man and brought sorrow and disappointment to him.

A GOOD many people had come into the room now; tears were in evidence and softly murmured talk. A kindly old man, who very much resembled the man in the coffin, touched Paige on the shoulder and led him to a vacant chair.

A young man stepped up near the coffin at last and began to pray. Paige bowed his head with the rest, realizing now that the room was full.

The prayer over, there followed a wonderful collection of verses from Scripture, making clear the way of salvation and life. The young minister's voice spoke strongly with a ring of triumph in it: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

For the first time in his life Paige understood the life of the spirit, something he had been taking casually and not giving real heed to, though he had known the facts well from his infancy. He had to come to the funeral of a stranger to find that out!

There was a stirring as a voice in-

"Dad, I don't think you do as well with that stubborn fellow as I do," said Reva.



vited all who would to come forward and take a farewell look at the face of their lost friend. Paige arose and moved back out of the way. Then he realized that this was the time for him to get out of the house and try to plan what he should do next about his errand. Should he abandon it, call the home office for instructions, or what? But before he found a way to slip out, the white-haired man, who looked so much like the deceased, laid a kindly hand on his shoulder and said quietly: "You will ride in the car with me to the cemetery."

"Oh, but—" protested Paige. "I have no right there."

"Yes," said the other, "you were my brother's friend. I want you with me."

"No, you don't understand—" protested Paige, but the man had gone into the crowd with the parting words:

"Yes, I want it that way."

So Paige, much against his will, went to the cemetery, and it was not until two people in the back seat were dropped at their home after the service that Paige had an opportunity to explain.

The other Mr. Washburn turned to him at last. "Now," he said, "I'm sure you will understand that I had no time before this to talk."

"YES," Paige said, "but you gave me no opportunity to explain to you that I am not Mr. Washburn's friend, or even acquaintance. I never saw him before until I saw him lying in that coffin. I came to see him on business."

The old man had been watching him earnestly as he talked. "Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were Joe's friend from

Chicago. I am sure no one intended to involve you in a matter which couldn't possibly interest you."

"Of course I understand that," said Paige. "It was wholly my own blundering. But you are mistaken that I had no interest in what went on. I was much touched and helped by the service. I feel that I should thank someone for having let me in on it. But of course that is wholly apart from the business I came to transact, and perhaps now it will not be out of place for me to ask where I can find Mr. Washburn's representative?"

"Just what was the nature of the business you had with my brother?" asked Mr. Washburn.

"It is a mortgage foreclosure," said Paige.

"Foreclosure?" said the other man. "But I understood that it had been (Continued on page 71)"

ILLUSTRATOR
KARL GODWIN



The Mercy

THERE is no story that lies closer to the heart of our Gospel than that of The Prodigal Son. It is the age-old story of humanity's perennial apostasy and futile search for satisfaction, and the resulting destitution and need of God's mercy and forgiveness.

I think sometimes we lose the poignancy and the cutting edge of the story because we translate the far-country sojourn into something that is foreign to our own experience and make it the story of the sowing of a young man's wild oats. The real heart of the story lies not in the Prodigal's riotous dissipation but in his wilful departure from his father's house.

The real situation with the Prodigal was that he had separated himself from

the life of the father; and the real point of the swineherd episode lay in the inevitable bankruptcy of the life lived apart from God's fellowship, out of line with His purposes, and unsustained by His grace. The Prodigal's sin was not so much indulgence as apostasy! And the dire consequences lay not in the effect of dissipation but in the final destitution to which all self-will inevitably leads in the end.

The story of the Prodigal emphasizes both the reality of man's plight and the richness of God's goodness; and ours is a day when its lessons are particularly pertinent.

There are two essential elements in this story of man's plight.

On the one hand, there is the un-

failing goodness of God, who cares for the hired servants of the household and extends His mercy and forgiveness even to the prodigal who has wasted his patrimony, and who consummates the joy of restitution with the ring, the robe and the fatted calf.

ON THE other hand, there is evil's utter emptiness and power to destroy, the husks and the loneliness, the poverty, the destitution and the shame.

Fundamentally, the salvation of man and of society hang upon the recognition of these two truths as the core of all reality, the heart of all meaning, the secret of all existence and the hope of all redemption. If we miss that, we have missed everything.

A Sermon by Clayton E. Williams

today. There is a hope that we may be revulsed by them. There is a profound mercy in having a stark vision of the way evil works within us.

Perhaps that is why God lets us fail, so we can see evil working its way into our lives!

Have you never been appalled by the evil in your own heart?

Have you never found yourself caught up for a moment by some vision of what you have been doing or thinking? Of some shameful hope you have been harboring? Of some questionable practice you have been pursuing? Of some sinful attitude you have taken? Of something you have done, which may have seemed obscure or trivial enough when you did it, but which suddenly revealed to you the direction in which your life was moving—imperceptibly, perhaps, but very surely and very awfully—and you saw how evil masks itself in selfishness, or carelessness, or hardness of heart, or insincerity, or prejudice, or self-justification, or uncharitable attitudes or self-deception?

In C. S. Lewis' recent novel "Perelandra" (which is the story of a man's adventure upon the planet Venus, a world just beginning in innocence, with an Eve who is as yet untempted and unspoiled) it is the task of the hero,

and revolt and detest one's self forever! It is a terrible revelation.

So sometimes God seems to forsake us and to let us go on from bad to worse—and perhaps to *worst*—in order that the realization of our fate may bring us to our senses. Sometimes He lets us go to the devil in order to save us from the devil. He lets us go deeper and deeper in our sin and misery in order to save us from the path which finally ends in destruction. He withdraws Himself from us in order that we may see evil for what it really is without His ameliorating force.

He lets society go down and down into war and cruelty and egotism and dispute and confusion and tension and disruption and disillusionment—*why*? In order that we may see the nature of its crisis, the necessity of His saving grace!

THERE is a mercy in His letting us go into the "far country" to work our own will, unrestrained by His Presence and His grace. It is an awful mercy, I grant you, a mercy that runs an awful risk—but nonetheless a mercy that may save us because it brings us face to face with reality. Far better a soul that sins outright and repents than a soul that harbors the hope of sin and never repents!

That was the trouble with the Elder Brother in the parable. He too was an apostate. He had never known real fellowship with the father. The Prodigal at least had the courage of his desires, even if they were wrong. He gave evil a chance to come out into the open and declare itself. If he had toyed with it and still kept within his Father's walls—but never really in his Father's Presence—he would surely have been damned.

There is danger in living within the Father's providence, enjoying so much that He has to give and so many things that He makes possible, and yet never living in His presence. Ours is an Elder Brother civilization. You see it reflected in our modern advertisements setting forth the advantages of beauty charms and health aids, of home conveniences and contraptions, of deep-freeze units and FM radios and television, of fancy foods and fabrics, of sedans and convertibles and best-sellers and technicolor films, and everything that would center our hopes in *things* and thus prevent our seeing the dire poverty of our inner life.

That's the tragic blindness which can often be dispelled only by a painful experience in the "far country."

If the Elder Brother had been aware of the true values of his patrimony, of the pertinence of the Prodigal's return, (Continued on page 44)



of Failure

Take a look at our society and our so-called civilization: at our Litchfields and Buchenwalds and Lidices, at our Potsdams and Yaltas and Moscows, at the missions of deportees and refugees and displaced persons, at our divorce courts and slums and brothels, at our coal and steel and rail strikes, at our share-croppers and our unemployed masses, at our lobby system and pressure groups and black-markets, at our atom bombs and iron curtains, at our international intrigue and mutual suspicion—and the fundamental hopelessness of peoples!

IT IS a disheartening picture. Yet there is a profound mercy in the revelation of evil's consequences as we see them in ourselves and in our world

Ransom, to save the heroine from the wiles of a certain Dr. Weston, who is the only other earth-born human to have reached that far planet.

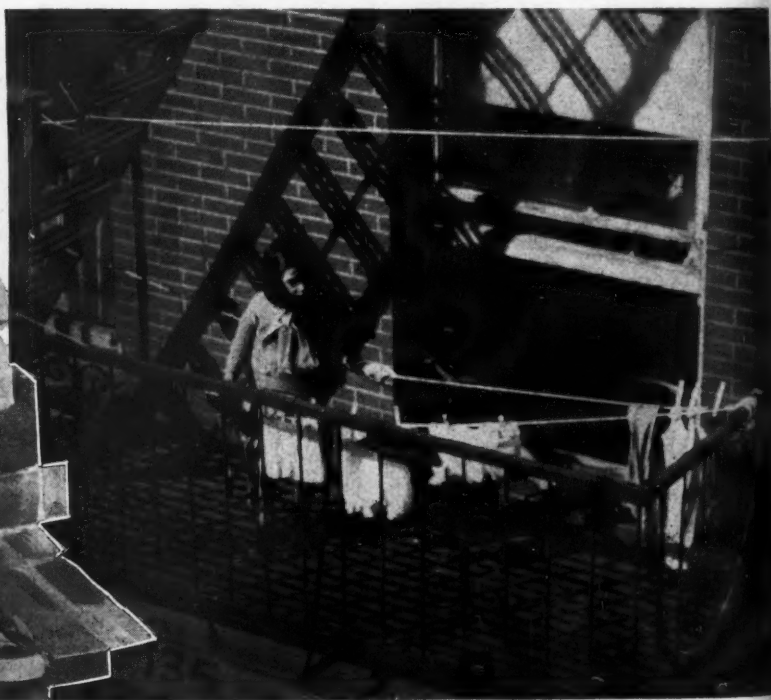
As Ransom listens to Weston's crafty arguments and subtle but despicable philosophy, he becomes convinced that there is something in Weston more terrible than mere human evil. He realizes that Weston reflects the heart of all evil in the universe. And he remembers that somewhere he has read in the old writings that the mere sight of the devil's face was one of the greatest of the terrible torments of hell, that to look upon the inner ugliness, the spiritual hideousness of the one who incarnates evil hopes and desires and intentions is an experience which makes one shudder



A Million Miles

IF you count off the distance in linear miles, it is not so far from New York City's teeming tenements and blistering streets to CHRISTIAN HERALD's Children's Home up in the wooded wonderland of Westchester County—only about 18 miles. But estimated in terms of *spiritual* distance, it's a million miles or more! And, in dealing with human personalities, that's the only way to calculate space—not as the crow flies or the bus travels but as the heart flies and the spirit travels.

This summer, thanks to the generosity of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, more than 900 boys and girls from the city's slums will negotiate that long flight into a new and fascinating world. Pictured on these pages are just a few of the "before and after" scenes so familiar to the fortunate





To Mont Lawn...

ones who even now are being transported from the wretchedness of poverty to the blessedness of the peaceful, fun-filled and health-giving environs of Mont Lawn.

That "vacation from poverty" is not given merely as a stop-gap to misery, a mere interval after which these boys and girls will return to the slums the same as they came. Mont Lawn's young guests, though their stay is for but two weeks at a time, are *never the same again!* Implanted in them is a divine discontent. They go from the fun and the frolic, the physical and spiritual nurture at Mont Lawn as new creatures—filled with a new-born vision of life as it can and should be lived, burning with a new-born ambition to better themselves so they may better their world.



10 Ways to use the Bible

By FRANCIS CARR STIFLER

THERE are many ways of using the Bible, some of them not necessarily religious. The ten I shall name here are all ways of using the Bible in the development of the personal religious life.

1. *The Bible may be used as a measure for evaluating the past.* Maybe you don't think one needs to pay much attention to the past. There are many American people who feel that way; who confine their reading to tabloids, ticker tape and current magazines and have no concern for what the great spirits of former generations believed; who have no interest in the tides of thought and vision that, through painting, music, literature and a hundred other cultural channels, have carried us to where we are in 1947.

Well, I have never met a man of any marked ability who did not continually draw upon the experience of the past. And I cannot think of any book, serving as a measure of the past, which can begin to compare with the Bible. It is the world's most trusted book, and its earliest writers lived at least 600 years before Homer, "the Father of Poetry," and a thousand years before Herodotus, "the Father of History." Here is the oldest measure of the past for answering life's deepest questions, so written that the simplest man can use it profitably.

2. *The Bible is a light revealing God.* He is the major theme of this book. To me the undying fascination of the Old Testament is the inimitable way in which it portrays the groping of men to get a clearer vision of God. At first men see Him as a tribal god, then a god of all the nations, then a just god and finally a god of righteousness. This progressive revelation shines from almost every page of the Old Testament.

But how much more when, in the New Testament, we behold Jesus! Jesus focuses these vast conceptions of God on you and on me with our hungry hearts, our wistful desires, our un-

attained hopes. With all His sense of justice and righteousness, Jesus is tender and forgiving. All we ever wanted to have in a god we find in Jesus, and more beside. The Bible can be used as the light that reveals God in Christ.

3. *The Bible is a mirror revealing ourselves.* If God is the major theme of the Bible, man is certainly next in the Bible's interest. The Bible does not gloss over our shortcomings. But it keeps telling us that we can overcome them. I have seen people whose spirits were crushed go to the Bible and come away from it revived as though they had been treated with a pulmotor. Here is a man who like Saul sitting before the Witch of Endor says, "I am sore distressed . . . God has departed from me and answereth me no more." Then he reads the 23rd Psalm or the story of the prodigal. He raises his head. There in the valley of his despondency he sees a path to the mountaintop. Suddenly his weakness is gone. He climbs. He feels his sin forgiven. To his own amazement, he is saying to God with Isaiah, "Here am I, send me," or with Paul, "What wilt Thou have me to

do?" The Bible is indeed a mirror that reveals your deepest self and your best self.

4. *The Bible is a door to freedom.* Every man wants to be free. But there are so many roads that deceive him. What is offered as freedom turns out to be bondage. We think money will free us, instead it enslaves us. In the Bible we find that there is, paradoxically enough, a form of bondage that makes us free. "Stand fast," says Paul, "in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," and all the rest of the New Testament, and particularly the great 6th chapter of Romans, elaborates on this formula for freedom. Who can contradict the assertion that people who follow the Bible teachings are the freest people on earth?

5. *The Bible is a chart of progress.* People who never use the Bible laugh at this statement. They say the Bible belongs to the limbo of forgotten things. The truth is quite the opposite. Wherever the Bible has gone, there has come progress of all sorts. We almost worship science these days. But can you name a single nation where science has notably progressed, that has not first charted its course by the Bible? This is also true of jurisprudence, of government, of literature and the other arts. If you feel that your life has run down a dead-end street, pick up the Bible, and see how across its pages troop men and women who took hold of the hand of God and went places they never dreamed of going—people who, indeed, are still going and beckoning to us to follow on.

6. *The Bible is a guiding compass.* It keeps us "on the beam." Read the 119th Psalm, every one of whose 176 verses is a tribute to the power of God's word. Read the book of Proverbs. Not only the 23rd Psalm, but the whole Bible tells you the Lord is your shepherd, and the author of Hebrews brings the thought to a climax when he tells us to "lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us and run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." Indeed, there is a cloud of witnesses to the fact that the Bible keeps men "on the beam."

7. *The Bible may be used as a key to beauty.* The Bible makes beautiful everything it touches. It touches art, and the Madonnas were born. It touched architecture, and the cathedrals arose. It touched music, and Handel's "Messiah," and "Holy Night," and "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" were heard. It touched literature, and "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Paradise Lost" were written. It touched your mother and made her beautiful beyond your

Prayer

Spirit of God come down
And teach us the way to go.
Only by Thy wisdom
Can we know.

Speak to us with assurance,
Brushing aside our fears
Whenever the shadow of hatred
Or prejudice appears.

Lead us gently by the hand
And bid our strivings cease.
Teach us to dwell together
In brotherhood and peace.

—Gardner L. Green

power to describe. And it touched Pasteur, and Lincoln, and Phillips Brooks, and a dozen unsung persons of your acquaintance to make their lives glorious. The Bible is the key to beauty in every aspect of life!

8. *The Bible is a tie that unites the world.* We talk about "One World" today as though it were something new. Bible-reading people have known one world from the beginning. Jesus announced it in the story of the Good Samaritan. Today the Bible is the only book that belongs to all the world. In whatever language it is read, it seems as though it had always belonged there. This is true because it is God speaking, and He is talking about those deep concerns which call for answer in every human heart. If we are to have one world politically, economically and socially, we shall have to unify it down on the deeper levels of man's spirit. The Bible can tie men together on those levels; nothing else I know of can do this.

9. *The Bible is a shelter in a storm.* Any man who will read the book of Job once a year will never know spiritual defeat. Anyone who will read the 14th chapter of John once a month will never lose his grip when disaster strikes. Anyone who familiarizes himself with the 27th and 28th chapters of Acts can weather any adversity that strikes his path. We know these things because so many Bible-users have proved them. All I am trying to express here is gathered together in a single verse in Deuteronomy: "The Eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms."

10. *And finally, the Bible is a voice that is never still.* The same God who gives you summer and winter, and day and night, and never leaves you nor forsakes you, is constantly speaking to you. All that is required is that you listen—that you read the Bible regularly. This points to what we sometimes call the devotional reading of the Bible. A young lady, asked to explain what is meant by devotional reading of the Bible gave this as her answer:

"Yesterday morning I received a letter from one to whom I had given my heart and devoted my life. I freely confess to you that I have read that letter five times, not because I did not understand it at the first reading, nor because I expected to commend myself to the author by frequent readings of his letter; it was not with me a question of duty, but simply one of pleasure. I read it because I am devoted to the man who wrote it.

"To read the Bible with the same motive makes it indeed a Love Letter. It is a voice that is never silent."



The Word WAS NOT BOUND!

By MARTIN NIEMOELLER

THE door of my Cell No. 1 opened suddenly, and in strutted an officer dressed in a showy uniform. I rose from my footstool. "You have been announced to me as the personal prisoner of the Fuehrer," he said, "and we have awaited you, as you well may know, for a long time. Now, have you any wishes or complaints?"

I was struck by the man's behavior; it was almost polite. I knew at once that he must be the *Lagerkommandant* of Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp, whose reputation was more than bad. So I hesitated a moment before replying.

Finally I said: "Yes, I have complaints, and many; for last night when I was brought here by your men I was stripped of practically everything—of my wedding ring, my wrist watch, my suspenders, and of my books and papers—all of which I was allowed to have with me during my imprisonment in Moabit Prison for eight months. Therefore, I have many wishes, but one wish above all—that you give back to me my Bible, and that instantly!"

Now it was his turn to hesitate, for Bibles were not allowed inside the barbed wire. He was uncertain what to do in this special case. Might there arise difficulties for himself if he were to refuse my request? He wavered, then called his guard. "Get this man's Bible from my office," he commanded.

And, then, ten minutes later, I had my Bible back. . . . What did this Book mean to me during the long and weary years of solitary confinement? Just this: "solitary confinement" ceased to be solitary. I heard steps under my window, which was too high for looking outside, but not too far to call out through it a word of the Bible—a single grain of seed that might be caught from my window by the passer-by. And when, later on, I was allowed to walk in the courtyard outside my window for half an hour, there were other windows—not too high to call up some word of God to some brother prisoner leading his life of solitude.

"The word of God is not bound!" And it was not, neither by wire nor by bars. And it became comfort and strength, guidance and hope, for me and for others, as it ought to become.

And today? The same task lies ahead for all of us: "What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light: and what you hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops!"

THE MERCY OF FAILURE

(Continued from page 39)

the deep, eternal significance of what had happened, he would have shared his father's joy.

May it not be that our utter failure to feel the urgency of our Gospel may be a sad revelation of *our* state? We live in a world that has come to the end of its resources, a world hungry and famished and disillusioned. It has reached the apotheosis of apostasy, and it cannot go on. That is the real source of the restlessness and cynicism which haunt life today. If we miss seeing that, we shall miss the one thing that can make our salvation possible.

The prodigal—whether he be an individual or a group or a nation—must see the husks and know their futility, the utter emptiness and destitution that lie before him, the utter frustration of his life and its future, if he is to appreciate the riches of God's grace.

That is the mercy of failure! In the tragedy of the Cross we see how unready we are to give hospitality to goodness and how quick we are to crucify it. But the tragedy of the Cross is transformed into the *power* of the Cross when God's grace lays hold upon despairing and frustrated man to save him from his folly, to give him life in the midst of death, and in the very hour of his destruction to save him from the pit which he has dugged for himself.

The wonder of the Cross is that it reveals evil for what it is and for what it ultimately does to the individual life and to society, and yet, at the very climax of its power, reveals God's changeless love and mercy.

Man's desperate state would drive him to despair and cynicism if it were not for the vision of the Father's goodness. The world has largely lost that. Our vision of God's goodness has been a superficial vision of a goodness mainly concerned with providing what we call "the good things in life," a goodness that assures material prosperity and security and felicitous circumstances.

Don't misunderstand me. God's goodness undoubtedly includes all these things. But it includes much more, for it includes God Himself. He won't be satisfied until we are like Him, until the passion of our hearts is like the passion of His heart. That was the trouble with the Elder Brother. He had never really shared his father's spirit; he had no conception of the father's compassion, or the father's love.

Fundamentally, we cannot understand the goodness of God until and unless we have some understanding of the urgency of our redemption.

The goodness of God is not a goodness that simply sits and waits—though sometimes waiting requires a great deal of goodness, especially waiting for someone we love to return from the Far Country. It is a goodness that seeks and

suffers and forgives, that runs out to meet us and receive us into the family circle again, once we turn toward Him.

The real meaning of the Cross is that God has been so concerned with the awful consequences of man's sin that He has thrown Himself into the world and upon a cross to save him.

We must see that, too, if we and our world are to be saved. For the goodness of God will be satisfied with nothing less in us than fellowship with Him, sharing His purposes and His outlook, and, above all, sharing His passion for the world. That is a goodness far above any vision of any mere felicitous living.



Glass Bricks

I notice an increasing use of glass bricks with colors evidently worked into the brick. What about such treatment for church use? Could we have colored glass bricks built into our walls instead of stained glass windows?

Our advice is to go very slowly in the use of new, untried building materials in the church, and most especially in rooms where the achievement of the purpose of the room may be affected. This applies particularly, of course, to the worship room. Be very chary also of introducing anything that might seem to damage the desired environment in a Sunday school class or department room.

I have noticed these colored glass bricks in front of restaurants and other commercial places, and my advice is to allow these other places to have a monopoly on such treatment, at least for the time being. Some of our best glass craftsmen are experimenting with the use of glass brick, and something worth while may be developed. Meanwhile, we know without question the effectiveness of the many types of stained and colored glass.

Is there any place about the church building where plain glass bricks may be used?

Taking it for granted that the architect knows exactly how to handle any possible problem involved in glass brick expanding and contracting during severe temperature changes, this material may be used to brighten stairways and fuel rooms or other places about the building where it is not necessary to use windows for ventilation. But under no circumstances can we agree that glass brick should be used where natural light is desired, and where pos-

These, then, are the two foci around which all understanding of Life clusters. The secret of the meaning of all existence, and of all hope for the future, depends upon our seeing these two things which stand out as the two factors in this story of the Master's:

First, the ultimate horror of evil, the ultimate futility and frustration of life without Him, the ultimate power to destroy life which is incipient in the wilful life; and second, the wondrous depth of the mercy of the Cross, the un-failing goodness of God that breaks through life to destroy the power of evil, to redeem us from our folly and by His forgiveness to bring us back into His household to enjoy the riches of His spirit and the delights of His Presence.

sibly persons may wish to glance out of windows to relieve tension. In such rooms as those of the Sunday school, church offices and parlors, clear glass is preferable.

Stained Glass

How much should we expect to spend for good stained glass for a Gothic type sanctuary? Where can we secure it? Why do we not see more advertisements of stained glass?

The production of good ecclesiastical stained glass is a fine art, although glass workers usually refer to themselves modestly as craftsmen. One reason why they do not advertise is that glass craftsmen, like pipe-organ builders, have all the business they can handle.

Another reason is, they look upon their work as a craft or art, and feel somewhat as doctors, lawyers and other professional people do about advertising themselves. We feel that this is false modesty, because the church world ought to know about workers in glass and the other crafts as well as religious art. We shall be glad to send, upon request, a list of recognized good craftsmen.

As to cost, you must be prepared to pay at least \$10 a square foot for a very modest stained glass. Twenty-five dollars per square foot should be paid for good quality glass. A great deal of the excellent stained glass currently being used in churches and university chapels cost \$40 per square foot.

What can we do about a memorial stained-glass window in the chancel that causes an annoying glare in the eyes of the congregation during the summer?

This difficulty can be remedied by installing a storm window of sand-blasted glass. This must be done under the direction of a skilled glass craftsman. Such a storm window might tend to reduce the sharp definition of the colors in the window, but the condition can be remedied without serious loss to the effectiveness of the window.



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR EACH DAY OF THE MONTH

Friday, August 1

READ PROVERBS 3:26 (A. V.)

*Be as just and gracious to me
As I am kind and confident to thee.*

—SHAKESPEARE

"FOR THE LORD shall be thy confidence." Our theme this morning is on confidence, an idea expressed in both the couplet and the text. I once asked Henry Ford what the most practical asset in success was and he said, without a moment's hesitation: "It is confidence! Confidence in yourself, in your idea, whatever that idea is; confidence in your friends, your nation and your God. Confidence is the greatest asset a human being can have."

Dear Father of all power in the universe, when we remember that Thou art our God and that we have Thee behind and around and in us; that Thou art our confidence, we step forth with a new strength and assurance. Amen.

Saturday, August 2

READ GALATIANS 4:19

*In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures
you and me.*—JULIA WARD HOWE

I WAS TALKING with a group of college and high-school students recently around a campfire on the Maine seacoast. It was a young people's devotional meeting and I asked for the most popular hymn, the one which appealed to them most of all. They named and sang Julia Ward Howe's great "Battle Hymn of the Republic" with its spiritual implications and patriotic challenge. That evening I talked on the theme of our text "Christ be formed in you." It was a hushed and hallowed evening and most of us felt as near to God that evening as we shall ever feel.

*Dear Father of all gracious and loving things, this be our prayer this day:
"That Christ be formed in us." Amen.*

Sunday, August 3

READ JAMES 1:4

*How poor they are who have not patience;
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?*

—SHAKESPEARE

"LET PATIENCE have its perfect work." I once talked with John Burroughs the immortal naturalist and poet. He was visiting Henry Ford, and I was fortunately invited to meet him. Mr. Ford was interested in Burroughs as a naturalist; I as a poet, for I remembered his great poem "Waiting": "Serene I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea; I rave no more 'gainst time or fate, For lo! my own shall come to me. The stars come nightly to the sky; The tidal wave unto the sea; Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own away from me." I talked with Mr. Burroughs about his poem and he said, quietly: "If I have any lasting fame, it will be because of that poem." And I think he was right.

Dear God of all eternity, of all mountains, tall trees, and peaks; we thank Thee for Thine infinite patience, and pray Thee this day that some of that patience may enter into our turbulent, tumultuous, storm-tossed souls.

Monday, August 4

READ REVELATION 21:1

*Heaven is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read His wondrous works.*

—MILTON

"I SAW A new heaven and a new earth!" Henry Ward Beecher once said about heaven: "One should go to sleep as homesick ocean passengers do, saying: 'Perhaps in the morning we shall see the shore of our homeland and the long voyage will be over.'" Addison said: "Heaven is not to be looked upon as only the reward, but as the natural consummation of a religious life."

Dear Father of our heavenly home as well as of our earthly homes, we thank Thee that when we enter into the gates of the city celestial, Thou wilt permit us to sing, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." Amen.

Tuesday, August 5

READ ZECHARIAH 6:12

*In a narrow circle the mind contracts;
Man grows with his expanded needs.*

—SCHILLER

"HE SHALL GROW UP out of his place." One of the most satisfying

dramas of human life is to watch the growth of a grandchild, to measure his height on the wall of the kitchen each time you visit him; to see how much mental growth has resulted from his school work; to note his spiritual development through hearing the Bible stories read by his parents; to see how much he has grown in grace through Sunday-school teachings. The quotation by Schiller added to our text of this morning's meditation sets forth the laws of growth compactly and surely. Let us grow through our worship!

Dear God of all grace, glory and growth, teach us to grow like trees planted by the rivers of water through contact with Thee! Amen.

Wednesday, August 6

READ 1 JOHN 3:2

*How free from everything like art
Was the language of His heart.*

—DAVID THOMAS

"WE SHALL BE like Him." Several years ago I was interviewing Dr. Jowett, one of the greatest preachers who has ever come to these shores from England. I asked him what being like Christ meant, and this is what he replied: "Being patient, kindly, loving, forgiving, tolerant, generous, hopeful, faithful, sacrificial, tender, understanding and sympathetic." I have yet to find as succinct, comprehensive, or as stirring a list of single words which tell us what "being like Christ" might mean. They will be good words to think upon in our meditation today.

Dear God of all simplicities and sympathies, teach us to free our souls from everything that sounds or looks like art and help us to live the life of the heart. Amen.

Thursday, August 7

READ PSALMS 92:1

*Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.*

—SHAKESPEARE

"IT IS A GOOD THING to give thanks," is what our text says and the couplet repeats the thought. I once asked a great teacher, Dr. Lester Ward of Brown University, what things hu-

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

manity should be most thankful for. These are the things he mentioned: "... water, sunshine, the good earth, the blue skies, sunsets, stars, sunrise, friends, home, memories, health, happiness; great books, music, poetry; the Church of God, the Bible, the eternal hope of immortality which is in the heart of man; Christ and His setting up of the Comrade Kingdom and a new civilization."

Dear Father of all things glad and beautiful, we thank Thee that we know that "It is a good thing to give thanks" and that we shall never let an hour or a day pass that we do not "remember what the Lord hath done" for us. Amen.

Friday, August 8

READ II PETER 1:6

*Faith is a thing sublime
Which masters tide and time.*

—EDWIN MARKHAM

"IN YOUR FAITH supply virtue," is the text, and Mr. Markham in the poetic theme tells us what faith really is. So much of our daily life demands an un-failing faith. In spite of the not-in-frequent airplane failures; in spite of the death of our beloved Grace Moore in a plane crash in Europe, President Truman climbed aboard "The Sacred Cow" for his good-will trip to Mexico, and Mr. Marshall of our State Department started off in confidence to Russia. I, myself, will continue to fly on long trips. That is our faith in men and material things which everyday life demands. How much more so should we have faith in the eternal God who rules this universe through His eternal and unswerving laws!

Dear Father of all faith and faiths, we thank Thee that Thou has proven Thyself and that we have a right to have faith in Thee and Thy laws. Amen.

Saturday, August 9

READ MATTHEW 10:26

*Nature is a revelation of God;
Art a revelation of man.*—LONGFELLOW

"THERE IS NOTHING covered that shall not be revealed." I believe that, literally. In my short life I have seen God's prophets reveal the miracle of insulin, penicillin, the sulpha drugs and a thousand other beneficent manifestations of His kindness to humanity. I have seen the coming of the telephone, automobile, motion picture, radio, television, and the dream of a United Nations. To me, these are all continued and continuous revelations of God. As soon as man gets ready for one of God's revelations, God is ready to reveal His truth to man. "There is nothing hid that shall not be known." That is God's promise to us.

Dear Father of all revelations and inner hidden things, we thank Thee that Thou has prepared for humanity an everlasting quest, adventure, and hope.

Sunday, August 10

READ JOHN 1:4

*Life's but a means unto an end, that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—GOD.*

—BAILEY

"IN HIM WAS LIFE," is what John says so succinctly. The poetic couplet says the same thing even more conclusively. Hans Christian Andersen, writer of fairy tales which we all loved as children, did some writing which was more profound even than his fairy stories when he said: "Every man's life is a fairy tale written by God's fingers." Balzac also recognized the fact that "In Him was life" when he said in one of his most thoughtful moments: "God is the poet. Men are but the actors. The great dramas of earth were written in heaven."

Dear God of all life and living, of all beauty, adventure, dramas and love, we thank Thee that "In Him was life" and that we share in that life on this earth and in that life eternal. Amen.

Monday, August 11

READ JOHN 2:5

*I know my Christ commands,
Whose word, no voice remands.*

—ROBERT GREEN

"WHATSOEVER CHRIST saith unto you, do it!" I like the tone of that compact text. It is like the short, sharp, triphammer sound of a machine gun. It seems to mean business. I also like the poetic couplet which has in it the same spirit. I like the "Do it!" spirit of this meditation. George Eliot, one of the master novelists of all time, knew the meaning of this text when she said in the same spirit: "How will you find the perfect spiritual good? It is not a thing of choice or chance; it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne and flows by the path of Obedience."

Dear God of all guidance, teach us to obey Thy will, Thy command, and Thy laws, so that eternal happiness and peace may come into our lives. Amen.

Tuesday, August 12

READ JOHN 1:9

*God said: "Let there be Light!"
And grim darkness felt His might.*—ELIOT

"THERE WAS the true light." Back in the twenties when I was a preacher in Detroit, I heard Alfred Noyes, at the University of Michigan, say (and I blushed for my profession): "Most preachers mumble with mouths full of

mush when they read the Scriptures, words that would wake the dead!" Not so that other poet, Edwin Markham. None of us in Boston University School of Theology will ever forget the morning when he read that great sentence from Genesis: "God said, 'Let there be light!'" He did not read it as most preachers read it: "And there was light!" He read it this way: "And there was LIGHT!" with an emphasis on light that shook us all awake.

Dear Creator of the world, Thou who didst give us all light for our pathways, we thank Thee that Christ also said, "I am the light" and that we follow in that light! Amen.

Wednesday, August 13

READ MATTHEW 5:4

"FOR THEY shall be comforted," is the promise of God. "Blessed are they that mourn for they SHALL be comforted." Perhaps it should be interpreted with great emphasis on that word *shall*. God said in the Old Testament: "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith the Lord of Hosts." He really seems to mean that admonition, for it is repeated many times (more than one hundred times) in the Bible. It is a timely promise in these day when so many homes mourn a boy lost in the war, and so many boys are handicapped and unhappy.

Dear God of all comfort and comradeship, we thank Thee that Thou didst promise to comfort those who mourn; so we bring our griefs to Thy throne this morning. Amen.

Thursday, August 14

READ PSALMS 18:2

*From every storm and hurt and shock
The God of Refuge is my rock.*—MARKHAM

"JEHOVAH is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer, my God, my rock in whom I will take refuge." That poet-psalmist was in an ecstasy the glorious morning when he wrote that grandiose accumulative statement. He seemed to want to pile up the descriptive phrases, like a pyramid, so that his statement would make an impression on his hearers and readers. I want to run the solid, substantial, vigorous, confidence-producing words in that compact statement down the middle of this paragraph so that they may stand out in our minds this morning. Note them:

ROCK!
FORTRESS!
DELIVERER!
REFUGE!

Dear God, Thou who has promised to be our rock, our fortress, our deliver-

er and our refuge, we turn to Thee this morning and claim that promise, for we greatly need it! Amen.

Friday, August 15

READ COLOSSIANS 1:27

Oh glory of the lighted mind
How dull I'd been, how dead, how blind;
The station brook to my new eyes
Was babbling out of paradise.

—JOHN MASEFIELD

"CHRIST IN YOU, the hope of glory," is the text, and it says exactly what John Masefield was saying, because in "The Everlasting Mercy" he is describing the story of the conversion of Saul Kane, the prizefighter, who found Christ, and when he found Christ and experienced "the changed life," those words described how he felt about it. And what happened to Kane can happen to any of us in this meditation group. In fact, that is why we have these worship hours together.

Dear Christ of all glory and delight,
we thank Thee that in Thee is always
"the hope of Glory." Amen.

Saturday, August 16

READ PSALMS 25:2

I well believe
That thou wilt not utter what thou dost
not know;
And so far will I trust thee.—SHAKESPEARE

"O MY GOD in Thee have I trusted." A friend of mine was fishing on the banks of the Missouri one summer day. He saw a ragged farmer boy standing on a homemade pier trying, with a handkerchief, to flag down a swiftly moving river steamer. Curious, he went to the boy and said: "Boy, you're a fool to try to flag down that steamer. It will never stop for you." "It will stop all right, mister." And suddenly, much to the surprise of my friend, the steamer swerved in toward the little dock, ran out its gangplank and the ragged farmer boy walked on. Then he turned around to my friend and said, "I ain't no fool, stranger. My pop is the captain of this 'ere boat!"

Dear Father, Thou who are the captain of the ship of the universe, we have faith to believe that Thou will take us on board when we are ready to go on our heavenly voyage. Amen.

Sunday, August 17

READ JEREMIAH 1:8

I am with thee: am thy light
To deliver thee from night!—HENRY MORGAN

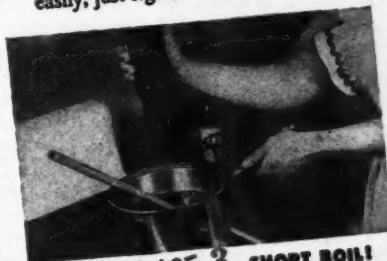
"I AM WITH THEE to deliver thee." I remember hearing a Chinese legend of a bird and a bee which were imprisoned in a room where somebody had carelessly shut all the windows. They were condemned to almost cer-

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tain doom, until a man came along, saw their plight, lifted the windows and set them free; delivering them from their captivity. The legend remarked that very likely the bird and bee thought it was a great miracle, but that to the man who set them free it was no miracle at all. So God works His miracles of delivery for us.

Dear Father of all strength, understanding and forgiveness, we thank Thee that Thou hast promised to deliver us from all evil. Amen.

Monday, August 18

READ GENESIS 26:24

*Or, in the night, imagining some fear
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!*

—SHAKESPEARE

"FEAR NOT, for I am with thee." I remember so vividly when our child, Betty, was a four-year-old problem each night when she was put to bed, for suddenly, she became afraid of the dark. One day I said to her, "Don't fear, Betty, for God is with you." She replied, "But I want something that has a face and hands with me, Dad." What I did not understand then, but which I learned later, is that a little child cannot grasp the thought of the invisible presence of God such as we who are older come to know. We, who are older, do not need a God with a face and with hands. We understand the reality of the invisible through radio and modern science, and we know that when God says, "Fear not, for I am with thee" He means it—and He is there.

Dear Father of all darkness, all anxieties and fears, we thank Thee for Thou art with us always even, as Christ said, "unto the end of the world." Amen.

Tuesday, August 19

READ HOSEA 12:6

*The best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered acts of
kindness and of love.*—WORDSWORTH

"KEEP KINDNESS and justice." It was a cold winter night, a crowd was pouring out of the Boston Public Library homeward bound. The snow was falling on an old man playing a violin; playing it crudely. His tin cup was empty. A beautiful girl from the Boston University School of Music walked shyly up to the old man and asked if she could play his broken old violin. Bewildered, he let her have it. The sweet strains of "Ave Maria" suddenly floated out over the snow. A crowd gathered, astonished to see this pretty girl playing the old man's violin. She smiled and nodded toward the empty tin cup. The crowd soon filled it with coin and then the girl handed the violin back as the old man murmured, "God Bless you, Miss!" and she disappeared into the snowy night. She had kept kindness and justice in her heart.

Dear God of all goodness and grace—

ous deeds, we thank Thee for inspiring such deeds in human hearts. Amen.

Wednesday, August 20

READ ISAIAH 55:2

The goblet of delight

Is a gift of God's own light.—MARIA MORTON

"LET YOUR SOUL delight itself." One of my close friends said to me recently, "As I follow the prompting and hunches of my own inner light which, to my way of thinking, is the spirit of God in my own soul, I am not only happy within myself but I am at peace with my family, my friends, my business associates, and my world. It is my belief that when God said, 'Let your soul delight itself,' He meant that we Christians should be the happiest people in the world." I have never heard a better interpretation of that text, and I hand it on to my meditation group this August morning—for thought.

Dear Father of all laughter and love, of all joy, gladness and happiness, we thank Thee that Thou didst say, "Let your soul delight itself." Amen.

Thursday, August 21

READ GENESIS 12:2

"BE THOU a blessing!" The text is short, compact, and packed with meaning. I like its almost blunt challenge. "Be thou a blessing!" Henry Van Dyke once gave a definition of "An Ideal Life" and here it is: "An ideal life is one that makes you glad of life because it gives you a chance to live and work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions and not content with yourself until you have become a blessing to others along the way you go."

Dear Father of all blessings; the blessing of sunshine, rain and dew; of dawn, and noon and night; of friends; and work to do; we thank Thee that Thou are a blessing to us. Help Thou us to be a blessing to others. Amen.

Friday, August 22

READ LUKE 1:46, 47

*Beware what spirit rages in your breast,
For one, inspired, ten thousand are possessed.*

—ROSCOMMON

"AND MY SPIRIT hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour." It is the spirit of God that we want to be raging in our breasts and then we shall be certain that "my soul doth magnify the Lord," and also certain of our own peace and happiness in these days. Thomas à Kempis caught the meaning of this text and theme when he said: "God walks with the humble; He reveals Himself to the lowly; He gives understanding to the little ones; He discloses His meaning to the pure minds; He reveals His inner secrets to those who love Him and rejoice in His spirit."

Dear Father of all the low and lowly,

as well as friend of the high and holy,
we thank Thee for the all-inclusiveness
of Thy love. Amen.

Saturday, August 23

READ LUKE 23:46

Cast all your cares on God;
That anchor holds.—TENNYSON

"INTO THY HANDS I commend my spirit, God." What a world it would be for all of us if we, like Christ on Calvary in His last desperate agony, could cast our cares on God; commend our spirits unto Him and into His keeping.

Dear God of all strength and power, on our Calvaries, in our fears and terrors, our desperate needs we say: "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." And Thou dost hear and heed us. Amen.

Sunday, August 24

READ II CHRONICLES 30:8

Yield all thy soul unto thy God;
And yielding, walk His sacred sod.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

"YIELD YOURSELVES unto Jehovah, and enter into His sanctuary." The reward of yielding in human relationships is peace and happiness. A soft answer still turneth away wrath. The yielding soul is always the soul at peace. This is the secret of perfection in all athletics: to learn to relax, to yield. It is also true in health. The straining soul and body is the unhealthy soul and body. The tense body, in muscle and nerve, is the ill body. To relax, to give in, to yield—that is peace, especially to fall back on the Heavenly Father in complete resignation.

Dear Father of all strength, we yield ourselves unto Thee this day in complete resignation. Amen.

Monday, August 25

READ LUKE 3:5

When loosed from Evil's cruel hate
The crooked life becometh straight.—MILLER

"AND THE CROOKED shall become straight." Recently I saw a boy who had traveled from California to the Lahey Clinic in Boston for treatment. He had been troubled for years with arthritis. I do not know what happened to him, but when his body was released from the binding and cruel fate of poisons in his system, his hands became straightened out and his limbs lost their rigidity and became flexible. I think that something like that happens to the soul when the Great Physician touches the crooked, twisted and thwarted spirit.

Dear God, Thou healer and worker of miracles in body and soul, we pray Thee to heal us of our unhappiness and make our crooked minds straight.

Tuesday, August 26

READ MATTHEW 5:44

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak;
It serves for food and raiment.—LONGFELLOW

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"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES." A young American captain took over a small village in Germany, and the first building he spied was an old church. He was a church organist before his army days. As he walked down the aisle of the church he walked directly toward the open pipe organ. Sitting down, he started to play a hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is our God!" He sensed that others had entered the church at the first sounds of the organ and looking around, he discovered elderly German men and women. He wondered what to do about the situation, as these people were his enemies. Orders against fraternization were strict. He stopped playing and walked toward them. An old man settled the question as he ran toward the American captain crying, "Mine brudder! Mine brudder!"

Dear God of all nations, creeds, and colors—Thou who art "Our Father"—we thank Thee that Thou didst teach us to love our enemies and to do good to those who despitefully use us. Amen.

Wednesday, August 27

READ PSALMS 23:1

*The fewer our wants the greater the odds;
The fewer our wants the nearer we are to the gods.—SOCRATES*

"I SHALL NOT WANT" is our text. I shall not want because "Jehovah is my shepherd" and "He leadeth me beside still waters. In fact, He prepareth a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; my cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." And there is no room for want in a promise and a program of that type.

Dear God of all goodness, plenty, and "the abundant life" which has been promised to us, we thank Thee that we shall not want. Amen.

Thursday, August 28

READ JOHN 12:36

*God and Nature met in light;
God cast aside the gloom of night!*
—BROWNING

"WHILE YE HAVE the light, believe on the light!" Grace Noll Crowell, our favorite CHRISTIAN HERALD poet, understood this admonition when she sang in "So Often We Are Blind": "The tremendous, glowing splendors of the earth are all about us; dawn, and noon and night; the life of flower and tree, the radiant birth of kindled fires, and the steadfast light of stars on their calm journeys out through space—these are the given signs that men may find their way made clearer; these are lights that trace earth's highways. Yet so often we are blind—blind to beauty's signals, blind to all the radiance about us night and day."

Dear Father of all light, laughter and love, teach us to see; touch our blind

eyes so that "While we have the light we shall believe in the light." Amen.

Friday, August 29

READ MICAH 4:5

*Father take me by the hand and walk
And listen to my simple talk.—MARKHAM*

"WE WILL WALK in the name of Jehovah." Recently I found a spiritual poem about walking, written by Leola Littrel, which expresses just what I want to say this morning on this couplet and this text: "It does not matter if my hands are rough with toil and dark with grime. It does not matter if my feet must sometimes walk in mud and slime. But, Father, help me keep my mind a clean and lovely citadel, a sunny place of faith and cheer where only worthy thoughts may dwell. And help me guard my careless tongue, and help me keep my heart a place of quiet peace against life's storms, that I may walk in Christian grace."

Dear Christ of the Road to Jericho, and Christ of the Road to Emmaus, we thank Thee that when we walk with Thee we feel Thy presence as a burning in our souls. Amen.

Saturday, August 30

READ PSALMS 17:7

"SHOW THY MARVELOUS loving kindness." My friend, Clarence Burkholder, sang this thesis, this couplet and this text in a little poem called "Prayer": "Lord, let not my religion be, A thing of selfish ecstasy; But something warm with tender care And fellowship which I can share. Let me not walk the other side Of trouble's highway, long and wide; Make me a Good Samaritan, And neighbor unto every man."

Dear Father of all mercies and ministration to the hurt, the sick and needy, teach us to follow Thee down the Road to Jericho. Amen.

Sunday, August 31

READ PSALMS 47:8

"SING YE PRAISES with understanding." I do not believe that anybody on earth wants Pollyanna-like praises heaped on him; but I do believe that "The attitude of gratitude" on the part of anybody brings a great blessing to human life. I once talked with an old sea captain on Cape Cod whose wife had died, and he said to me pathetically, "She was a wonderful woman. She was the best cook in this town. She always went out of her way to help people in trouble. I loved her very much, and one day I loved her so much that I almost told her about it!" People starve for understanding and praise.

Dear Father of all gracious deeds and affections, we sing praises unto Thee that Thou has touched our hearts with the desire to love, and to tell those we love about our love. Amen.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 9)

Impurity in thought and deed is sin. It is not only sin against self and against society, but against God. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Impurity blinds the soul to the face of God. The pure not only will see God in eternity, but they see God in everything. Like Jesus, they will see Him in the faces of lepers and lame men, the blind and paralyzed. Each neighborly act of love and mercy will be colored by a sense of His presence. The confession of the pure in heart is, "In Him we live and move and have our being." Many years of personal counseling have shown that in countless cases the uncontrolled passions of men and women have veiled the face of God for them.

Questions:

What do you know about the Roman Catholic League of Decency? Should the Protestant churches organize for a similar purpose?

What signs do you see of a lowering of moral standards in America today? Consider modern fiction, the screen, advertising, divorce, juvenile delinquency and other evidences. What should the church do to set Christian standards?

Sunday, August 17th

THINKING ON LIQUOR

PROVERBS 20:1; 23:19-21, 29-35; ECCLESIASTES 10:17

DRUNKENNESS was just as disgusting and degrading in the days of Solomon as it is today. Read the description in our lesson and it fits the New York or Chicago drunk of A.D. 1947 as well as the Jerusalem drunk of 1000 B.C. Alcohol still stimulates passions, confuses and slows thinking, deadens all sense of peril and dulls pain for a time, smoothes conscience, loosens control over the body, enslaves to a habit, shortens life and is the major source of the growing population in institutions of mercy and correction.

Even more tragic than the effect of alcohol on body and mind is its devastation of the soul. Over and over again Paul listed drunkenness among the enemies to the spiritual life. Read our memory verse. Or turn to I Corinthians 6:10—"No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Alcohol is a rival, never a fellow worker with God. The drinking man seeks uplift of the spirit, release from worry and boredom, and the joy of life. Alcohol offers all these and more, but is a deceiver. It is faith in Christ that lifts the soul above the cares of life and gives the only true and lasting happiness. There can be no compromise.

The drunkard robs God. All his God-given talents can be of no use to the Giver. God depends on men to witness

What strange discomfort PLAGUES these four people?



Executive. His mind skips around like a jitterbug's feet. He's indecisive, inefficient. Long before the business day is over he's a weary bundle of taut nerves. His employees have the same troubles. The cause? Noise! Office noises cloud judgment, slacken and dull mental processes, and produce fatigue as surely as physical exertion.



Student. Her study periods are largely wasted because she can't keep her attention on her work. In her classrooms, too, her mind wanders. She often fails to hear her teachers accurately. Noises are retarding her—distracting, nerve-straining, unnecessary noises which are enemies of education from kindergarten through college.



Hospital Patient. Her mind and her nerves should be at rest, to promote rapid recovery. But instead she is tense and uneasy, haunted by vague fears. Why? Because the hospital is noisy. Noises cause fear reactions and a resulting loss of vitality. Harmful even to healthy people, noises have far greater ill effects on the indisposed.



Worshiper. She is eager for the comfort and encouragement of the clergyman's messages. But, though her hearing is acute, she misses much of every sermon. Why? Because sounds reverberate so long that words become "scrambled." Poor acoustics distort music, too, and make church school and social rooms uncomfortable.

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for Him. There is no other way in which the world can be evangelized. The drunkard can never be a soul-winner. Someone will live and die without Christ because he broke the chain of witness. The drunkard, as do all sinners, thinks his habits are his business alone. Society and God himself lose with every wasted life.

THE PROBLEM OF DRINKING grows more serious every year. It is conservatively estimated that 55,000,000 Americans are drinkers. Of these 2,500,000 are chronic drinkers and at least 750,000 have become alcoholics. The three most alarming factors in the present situation are the increase in drinking by church people, by young people, and by women. The pressure of social customs has broken down the resistance of many good people. Dr. R. V. Seliger, Johns Hopkins Hospital psychiatrist, reported last year that during the years of his practice the proportion of women to men alcoholics coming to him for treatment had increased from one in ten to four in ten. Drinking women mean drinking youth. A friend who drinks told me recently that he had stopped going into bars because drunken women disgust him. He would have done better to quit drinking entirely.

The Christian abstains for the sake of his weaker neighbor, if not for his own. Paul's faith would not be menaced by eating meat that had been offered to idols. It was good meat, generally the best that could be bought, for it is a universal law of sacrifices that only the best can be offered the gods. Many Christians would find idol's meat a steppingstone to other more evil practices. So Paul signed the pledge and abstained for their sakes. Can the Christian do less for those "who cannot carry their liquor"? For our own sake, for the sake of our neighbors, for Christ's sake, we Christians had better leave alcohol alone.

Questions:

There is much that needs to be done against the liquor traffic. Discuss the situation in your community. What positive measures should be taken by the churches to provide a substitute for the attractions of drinking?

Profits to the business and taxes to the government are major causes for the legalizing of liquor. What should be done about them?

Sunday, August 24th

PLAIN FACTS ABOUT HONESTY

PROVERBS 3:3; 11:1-3; 12:17-22; 14:5; 23:10-11

FROM the Ten Commandments on down through the Bible there is much emphasis on honesty. The real meaning of property is understood. It represents the investment of someone. The talents and industry, indeed the

lives, of many have created values. Property represents life. The only firm basis for society is security for the fruits of our efforts. Dishonesty is social sin. Society has rightly attempted to protect itself against it and succeeded in making most crimes poor business.

Betrayal of trust is not so easily discovered. Laws have loopholes known to smart lawyers. Yet each daily newspaper tells the story of some lover of money who has traveled too close to the edge of the law and must pay the price. False weights, adulterants, misrepresentation in advertising, prices based on scarcity rather than on costs—these are some of the common practices that suggest the limitation of law as a protection for society.

Some years ago *Reader's Digest* sent a representative through the country to test repairers of automobiles and radios. He would make some change in wiring before entering the shop and ask for repairs. As a stranger on tour, they thought he was at their mercy. He found that for each two honest mechanics there were three who would take advantage of him. Watch-repairers were also tried out and 50% were honest. "Let the buyer beware" is an ancient proverb but it does not seem to be out of date. Indeed, human nature, untouched by Christ, is dominated by self-interest. It takes as much as it can for as little as possible.

DISHONESTY grows like every bad habit. A little advantage gained through deceit leads to greater evils. I heard of a juvenile court judge recently who told a boy he should thank God he was caught in a minor theft, if he could only learn the lesson. Success in crime as a boy would inevitably lead to a career of crime.

The churches of any community should produce honest men for every position of trust. There a higher reason for honesty is offered. If we realize what Christ has done for us upon the cross, we will want to be like Him. If we realize His Presence in office, store, and factory, we cannot bear to shame Him. There is an old story of the young Christian clerk selling cloth by the yard. He was all alone in the store when a shrewd neighbor came in to buy some goods. "Now you can give me a long measure my lad, for your master is out. I'll make it right with you." The clerk drew himself up to full height and pointing to his heart, answered: "My Master is always in." Only the honest Christian can live peacefully with his conscience, for he is always conscious of the divine Presence. A dishonest Christian is a contradiction in terms.

Questions:

"Honesty is the best policy." What do you say to the man who denies this and cites cases where dishonest men have prospered? Is it possible to be

strictly honest and succeed in business?
What do you think of present-day
standards of honesty in advertising in
newspapers, magazines and over the
radio?

Sunday, August 31st

WORK IS GOOD

PROVERBS 6:6-11; 18:9; 23:30-32;
ECCLESIASTES 5:12

"THE man who works for wages is a humbug." So wrote Ruskin. What he meant to say was that there is a higher motive for work than the money we get in our pay envelopes. Yet we must not discount the dollar more than it has already suffered as a result of devaluation and high prices. Back of wages are children to feed and clothe, a home to own and improve, comforts and cultural advantages to pay for. Perhaps if Ruskin had lived in our time he would not have been quite so blunt. The income from a man's work is important and should be a just return, giving him more than a bare living.

Money return for labor must not dominate the worker's mind. I have watched many workers at their jobs. Some will do as little as possible, as carelessly as possible, without getting fired. While unions have been a blessing to labor generally, some unions have protected this kind of workman. Other men labor as though they enjoyed their work. They take pride in a difficult job well done. They do not dash for the exit the moment the whistle blows. They use every means of self-improvement in their leisure hours.

The man who cannot learn to like his work had better change to something more congenial before it is too late. In spite of the highly specialized organization of industry, even the monotonous task can be dramatized as an important step in the total production. The money motive destroys all artistry and condemns a man to mediocrity. It does things to his soul. "The love of money is the root of all evil." I like the story of the gardener who specialized in growing roses. Someone asked him the secret of his success. "Well," he replied, "I guess it is because I like roses." One feels that about the Carpenter of Nazareth. The ox-yokes He made would never gall the neck and the simple furniture he built would be both sturdy and beautiful.

"WORK is good when there is comradeship among the workmen." I like to see an older, skilled mechanic patiently helping a younger workman to do a better job. Unsocial attitudes divide labor and in the end bring defeat. We should be happy when we see someone who works at our bench promoted to a more responsible position. Jesus told a story of the workmen in a vineyard, some of whom were hired early in the

Are you in the know?



What brings out a suntan best?

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- ☐ A white bask-ground
- ☐ A hot bath

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How would you discourage this?

- ☐ Keep a cool head
- ☐ Tell him off
- ☐ Let your hair down

When he gives that wayward wisp a tug — why rant? Or wear a warm, longish mane? Keep a cool head. Twine stubborn strands around two straight hairpins, and they're under control. You can master other trying situations, too. At certain times, for instance, by choosing Kotex you are sure of extra protection with that exclusive safety center. And you're so at ease with that elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt. So snug! So smooth-fitting! No binding!



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day and others toward the end of the day. Those who had worked all day "murmured" because those who worked a few hours received the same pay. They should have rejoiced that their master gave a living wage to all who worked for him. (Matthew 20:1-16.) Envy is a devastating sin. It divides those who would be united and it eats like a cancer in the very soul of a man. To work together with our neighbors in any legitimate task is an experience in good neighborliness.

"For we are laborers together with God." (I Corinthians 3:9.) It is the divine purpose that we should take the natural resources of the earth and turn them into that which is useful to man. No matter how small a part we may have in this business of production, we

THE BEST INTENTIONS

(Continued from page 23)

thing for you to do is to let us put this house up for sale—just for whatever it will bring. . . ." He wanted to mention that real estate values on this side of the town weren't what they used to be, but he couldn't seem to get out the words.

"I cannot sell the house," Miss Charlotte said in a faint voice.

"We'd be glad to help you find a place to live—something more suitable. Perhaps a nice furnished room."

"I cannot," she said with dignity. "I'll manage, Mr. Townsend. I have the payment ready for next month—or nearly ready. You needn't worry about the loan."

"It's not the loan," he said. "It's just that you'd be better off. We'd get enough for the house to keep you modestly. And you'd not have to pay wages to that maid."

But Miss Charlotte would not listen. And she would not explain to him that it was for Martha's sake that she could not give up the house. Martha was too old to find a new job; she wouldn't even know how to begin looking. And the Perrys had always intended that she should have a home with them as long as she lived. But she could not explain this to the banker, for he was a young man and he wouldn't understand.

"Well, you think it over," he said heartily. "You'll see it's the sensible thing to do, Miss Charlotte."

Miss Charlotte did think it over. Night after sleepless night she thought of little else. She could picture herself giving up the house and living quite peacefully in a rented room. But the heart-breaking vision of little Martha, bereft of her home and her job, too old and friendless to find another, simply haunted her. So she worried along, month after month—always for Martha's sake, and always with the forlorn hope that something would pop up to solve the situation.

can realize our partnership with God. This lifts our work above the plane of food and clothing and shelter, important as they are. Each improvement in materials or techniques makes possible greater service to mankind. If God is recognized as the Senior Partner in the business of production, every new power in the universe, discovered and harnessed, will add to the total well-being of our world.

Questions:

What are the good results from labor unions in the last twenty-five years? What are their faults? Where does the church fit into the picture of labor-management problems?

What principles of good workmanship can we learn from the ant?

What did pop up, finally, was a nervous breakdown for herself, brought on, the doctor said, by worry and fear. Miss Charlotte had no choice then, for the matter was out of her hands. The bank, kind-hearted and sensible, took over the situation as painlessly as possible. They put the house and the furniture up for sale, and sent Miss Charlotte to the country to a pleasant rest home. Martha effaced herself quietly from the scene, not knowing how to help and not wishing to be any bother to anyone.

In a few months Miss Charlotte was well enough to resume worrying, and she began just exactly where she had left off, worrying about Martha and fearing what must have happened to her when the bank took over the keys of the old Perry house. Finally she telephoned long distance to ask Mr. Townsend if he knew where Martha Brown was.

"Why, yes, Miss Charlotte. She left this address in case you ever wanted to get in touch with her," he said.

So she wrote immediately to the strange address and asked Martha not to be discouraged, no matter what was happening to her.

"You know you will always have a place wherever I am," she said in the letter. "I am working out some plans. Perhaps I shall give some music lessons, and you can keep house for me when I find a little apartment." She felt better after she read the letter over before mailing it, exactly as though the plan might be practical.

Within a few hours after the letter had been sent, Martha herself arrived at the rest home. The same old Martha, soft-spoken and gray and cheerful.

"However did you get here so quickly?" Miss Charlotte asked when the old servant came into her room. Both women's eyes filled with quick tears, but neither mentioned them.

Martha hesitated a moment, and then she blushed. "Well, I'll tell you. My husband took the day off from his work,

and drove me down in his automobile," she said in a pink rush.

"Your husband! What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, you see, Miss Charlotte . . . I thought I'd just take a little rest before I looked for another job," she said, sitting down and taking off her cotton gloves, so that a nice new wedding ring showed on her left hand. "So I got myself a light-housekeeping flat in a rooming-house on the other side of town. I just thought it would be lovely to sit and listen to the radio and not have to bother too much about anything. I thought I'd enjoy cooking myself whatever food I liked." Her eyes peeked timidly at her late employer's face to make sure she was giving no offense.

"After about a week, I noticed a nice-looking, white-haired man living in the front room of the second floor. We got to saying good morning and good night when we met on the stairs, and then I happened to see him at church on Sunday morning, and he walked home with me, and he was real nice. He asked me was I cooking lamb stew up in my little flat . . . so I asked him would he like to come up and have Sunday dinner with me. And well, he came, and we got acquainted."

She was galloping shyly now through her story, and Miss Charlotte was sitting there with her ears unbelieving. She was saying to herself, "All this lovely thing happened to Martha . . . and it never would have happened if I'd been able to keep her; she'd have missed all this!"

Martha, as happy as a girl, was telling more. "Miss Charlotte, he said he just loves hearing a woman running about her housework humming to herself. I guess I do hum when I cook, and anyway—"

"You married him!" Miss Charlotte concluded, reaching out her hand and patting Martha's hand.

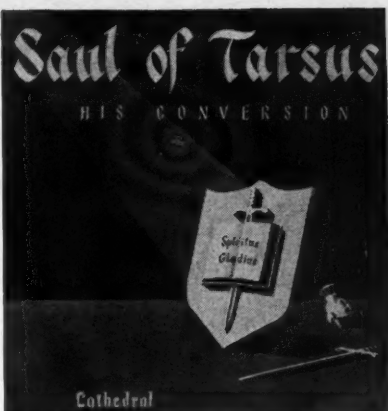
"Yes, I did," Martha said in a happy gulp. "But what I wanted to tell you, we've got a lovely big room all waiting for you in our house. We've just bought a real nice house . . . he's never had a good home of his own before." She hesitated a minute, then she brought it out: "To tell you the truth, it's our old house, where we all lived for such a long time, and everything—"

"You mean . . . ?"

"Our own home—the one we've always lived in Miss."

Miss Charlotte could say nothing, for the miraculous beautiful wonder which was spreading through her mind. Why, life itself had worked out the insurmountable problem! Her own good intentions had finally been forced to let go, and to get out of the way so that Life could work it out in a better way.

"So now we have our own home again, you and I," Martha was repeating gently.



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"And we wouldn't have had it, if we hadn't lost it," Miss Charlotte said. "I had to lose it first, for us to have it properly."

The two women sat there quietly. They didn't know how to explain the miracle to each other, for it was a miracle which had been forced upon them only when each thought the other had been overwhelmed with disaster. It seemed, indeed, a thing which could not be explained by any of the platitudes we usually accept.

Miss Charlotte thought to herself: "People like me, with good intentions, can go only about so far. When circumstances seem completely unmanageable, God has to take things over. Good as human intentions are, they

sometimes stand in the way of a larger and better working-out. Perhaps we have to learn that we can trust life even more than we can trust our own trustworthiness."

It is an idea which takes quite a lot of thinking about. And yet perhaps it is not so very remarkable after all that we can trust God even more than we can trust ourselves, with all our good intentions. For, after all, we inherit those good intentions of ours from somebody who has even better intentions than our own.

"As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways."

Some day we'll accept the fact that God's promises are literally true!

UNIVERSAL TRAINING

(Continued from page 22)

First off, the Commission found that the trainees in this Experimental Unit were *not* hand-picked; that they enlisted from Army camps in forty-six states of the Union and that, including the "pioneer group," they were a true cross-section of American life. At Fort Knox the trainees are as trainees under the recommended Universal plan would be. As to the department of trainees in comparison with personnel of other Army units, the number of courts-martial cases for 1,000 trainees through the first four months of 1947 was at the following rate for the two Fort Knox areas: summary courts-martial for the Experimental Unit was 36.9 percent, special courts-martial was 1.7 percent; comparative figures for the Replacement Training Center were 76.7 and 18.0.

DURING the first four weeks that trainees are in camp, they are restricted to the area, and in this period every man is expected to attend either religious services or a non-religious lecture given by a chaplain. Of the 664 original trainees, 663 were willing to attend religious services. Of this total, 76% (or 508 men) were Protestants, 22% (or 145 men) were Roman Catholic, 2% (or ten men) were Jewish. Of the Protestants, 277 belong to a church, 12 had been baptized but were not church members, 129 had been irregular attendants, and 90 had perhaps attended a church service once or twice in their lifetime. At the end of the four weeks required in the camp area, Protestant attendance dropped from a high of 425 to a low of 37. However, this drop came with the first furlough week-end, when there was a general exodus from the camp. Attendance at Catholic Mass dropped as low as 40% of the 145 men, but has risen to a maintained average of 70%.

Protestant church attendance averaged 189 to May 10, or 37.2% of all Protestant trainees. This non-compul-

sory church attendance compares more than favorably with non-compulsory churchgoing in civilian life! Nor let the fact be overlooked that because of the trainees' military duties anything like a 100% attendance at a particular service is impossible.

The chaplain's initial interview with trainees naming themselves Protestant revealed that 42% were such in name only. Religiously they were definitely ignorant. But of this large group, 160 men before the first of June came to the Protestant chaplain for religious instruction; and of these, 102 made decisions for baptism and church membership. Forty-five after receiving instruction wished to be baptized in their home church. Fourteen of the instructed trainees desired baptism but were not yet ready to indicate their church preference. The record is even better than the figures indicate, because fifteen of the original 160 were transferred to other camps.

On the basis of results secured through the Louisville Advisory Committee of clergymen and other civilians representing all faiths, the President's Commission recommended similar advisory committees for all possible camp areas. I met with the Louisville clergymen—Catholic, Jewish and Protestant—and found them unanimous in their support of the Fort Knox experimental program, in their endorsement of General Devine's leadership and in their belief that such a program could be, and indeed must be, made "universal."

I went to Fort Knox to investigate the unit personally. I visited classes, talked with trainers and, what to me was more important, I visited with trainees in the field and in their mess and billets. I then compared my experiences with combat sergeants who were visitors from regular Army camps and who were taking the two-day and four-day instructional courses. I must say I went to Fort Knox with fear and trembling, but I came away fully convinced and added my small weight to the unanimous verdict of the Commission.

The report of the President's Commission in dealing with vice, narcotics and liquor and in proposing federal legislation to make its recommendations generally effective is perhaps unique. Opportunities for purchase by trainees of any alcoholic beverages, including beer, would be limited by "(a) Prohibiting the sale thereof on any military, naval, or other camp reservations or in any Post Exchange, Ship's Store or Canteen; (b) Declaring off-limits to trainees all taverns, tap rooms and similar facilities whose principle business was selling alcoholic beverages; (c) Soliciting the assistance of local communities in this program; (d) Making it a federal crime knowingly to sell such beverages to any person in training."

The report asks that provisions be included in basic legislation making the following acts federal offenses: (1) Selling alcoholic beverages or narcotics to a trainee; (2) Prostitution or procuring when a trainee is involved; (3) Assaulting trainee with a deadly weapon.

Emphasizing the importance of the chaplaincy, and to assure that its influence be reflected throughout the program, the Commission recommends that the chaplain be placed on the commanding officer's immediate staff and that he report directly to him. On a somewhat longer-range basis, it is recommended that chaplains be included on the regular instructional staff of the various service schools. Also, that a chaplains' inspector system be established by each service.

Even more revolutionary are the recommendations that there be one chaplain for 500 to 600 men, and that among the options for the second six months of the training year, following the first six months of basic training, there be a chaplaincy option. Under this option, as under several others, scholarships would be given to a certain number of trainees who express the clear purpose to prepare for the ministry of their faith. These scholarships would assist trainees in their religious training provided they would agree to give two years of service as chaplains at the conclusion of their courses. Here the report adds: "Needless to say, the support of the responsible church bodies and of individual churches will be necessary. This phase of the program must inevitably depend in large measure upon the quality and extent of their cooperation and assistance."

Indeed this training plan, should it be adopted, would depend for its success, particularly for the success of its character-building activities, upon the sympathy and support of communities adjacent to the camps and of religious, social and educational agencies and groups within civilian life. Trainees would be young citizens not inducted into military service, not under the rules of war and not subject to court martial. In a training camp they would be no

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nearer induction than at home. In any declared national emergency federal action would still be required to put them into any branch of the armed services.

Perhaps in this document the conscientious objector receives consideration beyond anything ever before provided for him. Not only is his conscience regarded, but the organization of his program and the conduct of his affairs under Universal Training is committed to civilian hands and, in many of its aspects, specifically to the churches of his faith. Regarding citizens or young adults who refuse to accept any form of training or citizen-responsibility under this program, while granting their sincerity the Commission affirms, "Those who take this extreme position may not reasonably seek exemption from the penalty the law may impose."

Not a major element in the report, but one poignant and imperative, was the profound conviction that "training saves lives." In two wars the United States has committed its sons to danger and death unprepared. Surely this mistake, if ever again repeated, would be a venal sin.

The Commission's consideration of direct arguments against Universal Military Training was serious and its answer realistic. Let us quote the usual arguments, and let the Commission reply:

1. "Universal Training is conscription—unAmerican and undemocratic." Not unless universal education and universal taxes are. George Washington was a good American and he advocated it. As to being undemocratic, the need or lack of need will be determined by democratic action.

2. "The adoption of Universal Training will set the world a bad example and encourage others to do likewise." Nearly every nation, great and small, outside America has it, and with the exception of the United States all powerful governments also have Universal Military service—conscription.

3. "Military preparedness leads to war." The report reveals from Hitler's secret documents that the Axis powers went to war as and when they did because of the unpreparedness of France, England and America.

4. "Rather than Universal Military Training, America needs better business, full employment, lower taxes, relief assistance and friendship with other nations." The Commission agrees, but we still must invest money in police and fire departments for community insurance and protection. A possible future war's horror and destruction require us to carry, in military strength and sound security measures, war risk insurance for ourselves and for our neighbors.

5. "Military Training will make Americans militaristic." The Commission reminds the country that nearly a million veterans of World War II are not eager for military life. It would be more rea-

sonable to see that Universal Training and service, both of which Sweden has had in some form since 1812, have made that country a socialist state. There is a fundamental difference between a system imposed from above by dictators and a program adopted in Switzerland and Sweden by the people themselves.

6. "Universal Military Training is contrary to the American tradition." Perhaps. But the Commission affirms that in "One World" new occasions teach new duties; duties that we must accept or run the risk of self-destruction, with the destruction of mankind's last hope for an enduring peace. When it is argued that Universal Training is contrary to the American tradition, it should be remembered that there is another tradition as old as the "Mayflower"—the individual citizen's obligation to defend and protect his home and community. Devout colonials of all faiths kept their weapons over their mantels at night and carried them to their work and worship in the morning.

7. "It is unChristian; it is fear against faith; it is violence against good will; hate against love." The Commission answers: Not unless a police force in a community is unChristian—a police force disciplined and trained rather than untrained, undisciplined. This training would help lift the principle of police protection to cover the nation and, by strengthening the United Nations, to cover the world.

At the root of all the Commission's thinking was the conviction that the only real security for America or for any country lies in the abolition or war through the establishment of the reign of law among nations. The United Nations was the hope of the Commission for a durable peace "based on justice and cooperation rather than violence and death."

Again and again the commissioners were faced with the voiced fears of men and women distinguished in their fields of leadership who affirmed that our too rapid demobilization following V-J Day, our apparent growing reluctance to reconcile idealism with realism, our disposition to think first of tax reduction rather than of our obligations to weaker nations as well as to our own youth, have discouraged democratic leadership throughout the world. They affirm that if this trend is not radically changed it will weaken rather than strengthen the United Nations, threaten the security of all countries, and blast mankind's hope for an enduring peace.

The President's Advisory Commission on Universal Training was convinced that the American people, and particularly American parents, will settle for nothing less than the moral safeguards provided in these recommendations. Specifically, as a citizen who was a member of the Commission, I shall not settle for less!

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BRITAIN'S PEWS ARE EMPTY

(Continued from page 35)

"In the second place, church doesn't mean anything to me any more. I don't feel close to God in church—I'm not very good about expressing myself—but I feel much closer to Him when I am out in the fields, in the spring, especially," she looked out the window to the dreary, rain-washed, unpainted, bomb-damaged houses on the street beyond, and added: "—If spring ever comes again to England."

"I don't know about religion in England today," the sixty-year-old father of a grown son and daughter said. "I am a busy man. I haven't gone to church since I was a boy. But I am a Mason. I belong to one of the oldest lodges in the country. I certainly believe in God."

"My son is another story. Would you believe it—he's an agnostic. An agnostic!" he repeated indignantly. "He doesn't believe in anything. Not anything. His mother and I are heartbroken; we brought up our children differently."

"No, our daughter doesn't go to church, either. But," he brightened a little, "her children do. Not to church, exactly. Something called the Young Crusaders. Something put on by a group of young women. Non-sectarian, non-conformist, something of the sort. The children seem to like it."

"I can't tell you much," a twenty-seven-year old English girl, on leave from her post in the Auxiliary Territorial Service, told me, "because I'm rather puzzled myself. I just don't know."

"I'm stationed in Germany with the Occupation Forces and I don't suppose our group is typical. About half of us, I should say, attend the services given by the padre. I go, yes, but it's rather because I feel sorry for our padre. He's so young and—well—earnest. I wish I could feel that way about something. About anything, as a matter of fact."

"You see, I'm engaged to a boy from home. (Leeds, in the north of England.) He had just started his medical studies before the war. He was an officer in the Fleet Air Arm for nearly four years and a prisoner of war in Germany for over a year. I'm afraid it was pretty grim."

"Anyhow, after that he changed his mind about medicine. He's at Oxford now studying for the clergy. His parents—and I—are against it. We did all we could . . .

"Oh, I know it's all wrong. I know we ought to try to understand when someone feels the call, believes as deeply as Bob does. But I just don't fancy myself a vicar's wife. It's so dull and drab and monotonous. Life's enough like that today, without asking for more of it. And our churchmen are so poorly

paid that many of them have to take on other work. It's just too much to ask of anyone."

"No, we don't go to church," said the postman's wife, "but my neighbor, who has been very sick, does."

"She goes to chapel, and the parson has been wonderful to her and her family. I never heard of a parson doing the things he's done this winter for that family. He's carried coke to them, and helped with the food ration and he even managed to get them a permit for more heat."

"Chapel? Oh, that's low church. Methodist, I think. I'm not sure, really. I don't go to church, myself, you see, so I'm not very clear about the differences."

"I hardly ever go to church," a thirty-year-old woman wrote in the magazine published by St. Leonard's Parish, in a suburb of London, "the few occasions being due to the well-meaning efforts of my family and my friends. I know there are many young people like me, very many who prefer not to admit their reasons for not attending religious service. And yet very few of us should be looked upon as irreligious. The reason, I am sure, is not a lack of faith, but the subconscious refusal of the modern mind to accept the traditional church service as an adequate and effective device for bringing one nearer to God."

"I feel nearer to God when I am inspired. Church services in their present form don't inspire me."

"Religion in England?" said the British engineer seated beside me in the plane in which we were speeding over the Atlantic to the British Isles. "I don't think you'll find much formal religion in England today. But you'll find a desire to believe in something, a strange dogmatic faith and a real need for guidance."

"The people are certainly looking for something, but they're lost. The ministers of our national Church—as far as I can see—are not helping them. In my opinion, they should cease to concern themselves with politics and society. The sooner they learn that their job is purely spiritual, the better for the state of the nation."

BACK in 1943, while the war was still on, the Commission on Evangelism appointed by the Church Assembly attempted to probe the facts of church attendance, but the task was not simple, the figures only approximate.

It was found that ten to fifteen percent of England's forty millions were sufficiently interested to attend a place of worship on "great occasions"; forty-five to fifty percent were indifferent, though more or less friendly disposed, and between ten and twenty percent were actually hostile.

"A whole generation has been suckled in agnosticism," the Commission reported, "and come to regard Christianity as an outworn creed. Youth is largely indifferent to Christianity, finding in religion no relevance to life, and in life no meaning."

And so—the bells toll in the towers of England's churches and, as the years pass, fewer answer. Not only is the call to the pews ignored, but fewer and fewer answer the call to the pulpit. Despite the population increase (more than four million since 1914), the number of clergy in England has decreased by 6,000.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, in order to materially assist the number of servicemen who have come forward as candidates for ordination, have declared that if this need of the Church is not met, there is a chance that "the Church will ultimately perish for want of a ministry."

Is this drift from the Church the fault of the people of England, then, or is it the fault of the Church or the churches of England?

When two English girls wanted communion and received it with a rebuff; when a middle-aged businessman blames the youth but offers merely preachment without understanding; when a British housewife and a young girl feel closer to God outside of a church; when a grandfather complains that his son is an agnostic and his grandchildren attend a non-conformist something-or-other movement; when another English girl says she is tired of putting up with a drab, colorless existence and wants to escape love as well as life; when a postman's wife is aware—at 50—that a church can dispense material as well as spiritual comfort; when a 30-year-old woman writes as critically as she does in a church magazine; when a scientist who deals in radio phenomena admits to a national desire to believe in something and a national failure—where does the fault lie?

Is the Church of England doing its job?

To understand the Church of England—after all, the national Church—one must first understand its historic position. (Though the Established Church in England is Anglican—the mother Church of the Protestant Episcopal communion in the U.S.—there are nevertheless considerable numbers of Methodists, Congregationalists and members of other non-conformist sects throughout the country, with which we will deal later.)

The King of England and the Lord Chancellor must be members of the Church of England; twenty-four bishops and the two archbishops are members of the House of Lords. By law and by custom, developed and at present maintained in friendly respect, the Established Church performs its func-

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tions with almost complete autonomy.

In the name of the Crown, the Prime Minister appoints the bishops as vacancies occur and, in some circumstances, uses significant choice and influence in so doing—despite nominations from the clergy and close cooperation with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Even in determination of the forms of worship, the political Parliament (chosen by voters of whom a majority are not communicating members of the Church) holds ultimate power. A recent petition to Parliament, for instance, to alter the Book of Common Prayer was refused partly because it seemed that the Church should be more nearly unanimous before making so significant a change of tradition.

In the opinion of many in England today—laymen as well as clergymen—alteration of the archaic, lengthy and dull church ritual is not only advisable but necessary. The world, since the establishment of the Church, has moved swiftly; the tempo has changed. Life has taken on new values.

However, a general indifference appears to favor the continuance of the Established Church with all its encumbrances, respite the fact that in Ireland and in Wales the Church has been helped and not hindered by disestablishment.

But despite suggestions for freeing the Church from the State, despite the real need and the recognition of the need to break with tradition, there is no reason to assume that all ills—specifically attendance—would thus be cured. Figures on attendance at so-called Free Churches have shown an alarming drop during the past nine years.

The Baptist Union discloses that church membership declined by over 37,000 in that period, the number of Sunday-school teachers by nearly 10,000. The Congregational Union membership dropped from 416,442 in 1939 to 385,545 in 1945. The Methodists report attendance slid from 802,455 to 752,659. Only the Catholic Church has shown rising figures with a present membership of nearly 2,500,000.

What is the Church doing about all this? What is it doing about the low standard of sermons and the bored, uninspired leading of church services? What is it doing about the real need for personal contact between the clergyman and his parishioners? What is it doing about approaching the teen-age children, about answering their questions?

What is the Church doing about reorganization to meet modern conditions? What is the Church doing about publicizing its activities in terms that all can understand? What is it doing about using the science and the arts of today—the radio, the films, the theater and the press—to the best advantage?

What is the Church doing about the

hidebound tradition which offers—in church services—little inspiration and less spiritual stimulation? What is the Church doing in recognizing the need for a more virile, a more vital religion?

Has the Church listened carefully enough to its parishioners? One said recently: "I should like to see our Christian teaching adjusted to our times. I should like to see the Bible put into modern language. I should like to see much of the present church ritual revised. I should like to hear orchestral music; to hear the words and the thoughts of our great thinkers and philosophers of the past read in churches rather than listen to the often far-fetched theories of our clergymen."

"I should like to see eminent men and women lecture from the pulpit on the religious significance of topical events. I should like to feel much more of a free participant in my service, able to some extent to determine its nature and atmosphere rather than have a set ritual enforced upon me which at best leaves me aloof. I should like to see church services turned into a new and exciting event, capturing the imagination and kindling the faith of all those millions who now live in a spiritual desert."

YES, the Church is aware that somewhere, somehow, it has failed. But, as one minister told me, "At least the Church is aware and trying."

All over England, the Church and its ministers are trying.

This spring, while I was there, a courageous and sincere group of clergymen of all denominations—thoroughly aware of the real dangers of religious apathy—campaigning for Christianity and a return to Christ. They called themselves, in recognition of the times, "The Christian Commandos."

Commenting upon their reception in London, a Methodist volunteer from Yorkshire said to me, "I think the people are a little disappointed that we do not swoop up in tanks or armored trucks—but, after a while, they do listen to us. It's—well, it's encouraging."

It was encouraging. After a while, the people did listen. They listened on street corners and between cinema shows. They listened in dim dance halls and crowded public houses. They listened at house parties and in club meetings, in offices and factories.

These relatively few men—3000 in all, in the London campaign—encumbered as they are by the past, handicapped as they are by the present, are, in their own words, attempting to "present Christ" to England's apathetic millions.

The measure of this method's effectiveness remains to be seen, but this movement deserves tremendous credit, for it is the first sizable attempt to revive religion in the spiritual vacuum of England today.

THE New Books

by DANIEL A. POLING

INSIDE U. S. A., by John Gunther.
(Harper, 979 pp., \$5.00)

GUNTHER'S new book is the greatest of his remarkable "Inside" series. All the words that Barnum ever used to describe his circus are even more appropriate in a review of this colossal and never-before-seen or equalled volume. The author went everywhere in America, saw the living, became acquainted with the deceased and made both the dead and living come alive in these 979 pages. He is, I think, both painstakingly factual and passionately partisan. As to origins in the history of every state and city, there are at least two versions and once or twice he did not hear the one that I prefer—Portland, Oregon, is an instance. But what he tells is always typical!

He places another judgment than mine on some men in public life, but we all have our personal opinions and mine will never fill the thousand pages of a current best-seller. I do agree with what he has to say about Johnson of California. That is an heroic tale. No, you can't afford to miss this one, and even if your library is destroyed and you can get a copy of "Inside U. S. A.," so far as America is concerned, you will have a lot of everything. Three cheers and long may Gunther's banner wave.

THE ORIGIN OF THINGS, by Julius E. Lips. (A. A. Wyn, 496 pp., \$5.00)

THE life of the author of this unique volume in the field of anthropology prepared him to write about primitive man. His brilliant career was interrupted and his life all but destroyed by the Nazis—men who went back beyond the beast. On these pages, countless tangible and intangible aspects of everyday existence are given new meanings. I have the feeling that primitive man is looking at us, that the civilized man is passing under the eye of the primitive. Much of the author's material was assembled before he became director of the Ethnological Museum of the City of Cologne, where he was one of the youngest directors in Europe. He was the only German anthropologist of non-Jewish origin who openly defied Hitler from the day he came to power. He resigned all his positions to teach in the Sorbonne in Paris and



Munition Maker of Galilee

by RALPH E. BYERS

• A delightful imaginative reconstruction of the life of the teen-age Jesus, the apprentice of the carpenter Joseph in Nazareth. The story centers around the wish of both master and apprentice to make only munitions of peace in a time when munitions of war were in demand. Price \$1.00.

Down in My Heart

by WILLIAM E. STAFFORD

• Stories of life in civilian public service camps by a talented young writer who spent four years as an assignee in various camps. The stories are illustrative of the experiences and the thinking of men who served their country in "work of national importance."

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to come later to Columbia University. He spent two years at Howard University, establishing the first department of anthropology in an American Negro college. Profusely illustrated, "The Origin of Things" is a library volume of distinction.

MARSHALL, CITIZEN SOLDIER, by William Frye. (Bobbs-Merrill, 397 pp., \$3.75)

THE factual biography of the man who is today one of America's two supreme personalities. He is a citizen-soldier who directed the armies of the world. He is now the soldier who, as a civilian, has been entrusted with the security and peace of America; and with his country's leadership in world affairs. Mrs. Marshall has written the profoundly moving human document in her book "Together." This biography is the objective documentation of the Marshall career. It cannot escape a permanent place in the American library.

PRIMER FOR PROTESTANTS, by James H. Nichols. (Association Press, 151 pp., \$1.00)

THIS is the book for which Protestants of all denominations have been waiting a long, long time. The title tells the story. Everything is here and in compact form. Roman Catholics have their reasons; their indoctrination has not been neglected, but for decades now Protestant youth has been seriously neglected by Protestant leadership. For them this primer is like the dawn of a new day.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SPINOZA, by Rudolf Kayster. (Philosophical Library, 326 pp., \$3.75.) Presented as a portrait of a spiritual hero, this is also a biography philosophy. Albert Einstein, in his eloquent introduction, says of Spinoza, "He saw a remedy for fear, hate and bitterness. The only remedy to which a genuinely spiritual man can have recourse. He demonstrated his justification for this conviction not only by the clear, concise formulation of his thoughts but also by the exemplary fashioning of his own life."

THESE WORDS UPON THY HEART, by Edward Tillman Kuist. (John Knox Press, 189 pp., \$2.50) A delightful title for an inspiring volume! The material appeared first in lectures delivered before the students, faculty and friends of Union Theological Seminary in Virginia. Among the titles are: "The Scripture and the Common Man," "The Form and Power of the Holy Scriptures," and "Translating Scripture Into Action." Congratulations to the author and to the Presbyterian Committee of Publication!

LONG ANCHORAGE, by Henry Beetle Hough. (Appleton-Century, 309 pp., \$3.00) Dramatic story of love and adventure, incredible and yet convincing. Out of New Bedford a hundred years ago tall ships sailed into all the seas. The Ashmead family had its

troubles and triumphs, but the son, Russell, refused the pattern that was made for him. Here is a novel of distinction.

DAILY PRAYER COMPANION, compiled and edited by G. A. Cleveland Shrigley. (Foster and Stewart, 370 pp., \$2.50) Three-hundred and sixty-six prayers written by "366 great contemporary religious leaders." The quote is from the flap, but the prayers are from the souls of men who have suffered and who, in suffering and trial, have found the answers.

REPORT FROM SPAIN, by Emmet John Hughes. (Holt, 323 pp., \$3.00) A must book for every American who is equally opposed to fascism and communism, but who wants his opposition to be intelligent. The author is a Roman Catholic. His first book was a Catholic Book-of-the-Month Club selection. What he writes about the Church, and particularly about churchmen, in Spanish politics is doubly significant. The volume is a damning indictment of the whole Falangist regime—and the evidence seems complete.

INTRODUCTION TO ALASKA, by J. B. Caldwell. (Putnam, 202 pp., \$3.75) Here is the book that America has been waiting for—the "factual, up-to-date picture of conditions and opportunities in Alaska" and what to expect when you get there.

THREE CAME HOME, by Agnes Newton Keith. (Little, Brown, 317 pp., \$3.00) From the unspeakable terrors of Japanese warfare in Borneo, and out of the concentration camp that all but broke them, husband and wife and little son came home at last. Nothing like this volume has appeared before in war literature. It is factual, dramatic and compelling.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, by Charles Alexander Robinson, Jr. (Dutton, 252 pp., \$3.75) This distinguished life of one of the world's immortals develops the claim that Alexander "set the course which Western man has followed ever since." Definitely the author has created a new picture of Alexander the Great. His volume is unique in that it is comprehensive, factual and complete without being over-long or tedious. It reads like a romantic novel.

THE EXODUS, by Konrad Bercovici. (Beechhurst Press, 319 pp., \$3.00) A majestic novel that adds details to the scriptural story without doing violence to the Sacred Record. The story unfolds across a vast canvas crowded with breathtaking pictures—men, women and children in all the moods and passions of a fearsome time. A truly great novel.

STEPHEN, BOY OF THE MOUNTAIN, by Amy Morris Lillie. (Dutton, 189 pp., \$2.50) Of another novel by the same author, "Nathan, Boy of Capurnum," I wrote: "Lovely as sunlight shining through the soft rain." And this is as lovely as that! It is a vivid, gay, triumphant and interracial tale.

MARTHA AND THE BOMB

(Continued from page 27)

interrupted. "But Kitty said—" and Sue was off again.

When she stopped for breath Martha began, "What the man said made me think that our boys might write to boys in other countries and explain things to them about our government and so on, so they would know us better."

"Well, I don't know," Sue's voice trailed off, then she began brightly: "But maybe it would make geography more interesting for Henry."

Martha gave up in disgust. "I'll see you at the church supper," she said meekly and left the telephone. If she were only powerful enough to reach out and make people listen!

Charles came in then, so excited he could scarcely speak. It was as if he had run all the way home. "Mother, Mother!" he shouted, then stopped for breath. "I told Miss Smith what you said about writing to other children and it nearly broke up the history class. She called in the superintendent and they talked a while and then we had assembly and I had to tell it all over again—everything you said."

"You mean about whole schools writing to other schools?" Martha asked incredulously.

Charles nodded. "And the superintendent said they had been working on a plan but had not done anything about it, but now he was going to take it up with the Board of Education, and—"

The telephone was ringing. Martha answered mechanically. It was the editor. "What's this I hear about you and world government?" he was asking. "I want a picture of you for the paper and some of your ideas—"

Martha was too flabbergasted to speak for a moment. "No pictures," she cried. "I don't want to be in the paper. I just want to get people to stop thinking about atomic bombs and wars, and try to find a way for the children of one country to understand and love those of other countries."

The telephone was ringing again. It kept on ringing, over and over, and Martha kept on explaining, and the more she talked the sillier it seemed that what she had to say would ever amount to anything.

Too much publicity was more than she could take though. She just wouldn't talk to another soul, she decided. She left the receiver off its hook and was lying across the bed, crying, when Sam came home.

"What on earth is the matter?" Sam cried. "I'll call a doctor—"

Martha wiped her face and pushed back her hair. "The man said over the radio that the force of ideas explodes in a chain reaction like split atoms."

And then she was laughing— "But, Sam, I didn't count on my little idea making such a big explosion!"

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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Film Reviews and Ratings by the
**PROTESTANT
MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL**
(Cooperating with the Protestant Film Commission)

THERE are few phases of the late war which have not been treated on the screen, some of them exhaustively. But one which has been virtually by-passed until now is that experienced by the prisoners of war. It has remained for a British studio to bring out the film which, in addition to being a distinguished photoplay apart entirely from its subject matter, will undoubtedly stand as the classic documentary of the POW's.

"The Captive Heart," released through Ealing Studios and distributed in America by Universal-International, is a simple and realistic portrayal of the reactions of a group of British soldiers to five years of life behind barbed wire. Because their reactions to the inevitable tension and almost unbearable boredom, the mental suffering and spiritual frustrations, are the same as those experienced by millions of men of all nations, this film becomes the saga of all those "to whom no decorations were given" but who were quite as heroic as any who wear proud rows of campaign ribbons and battle stars or who sleep beneath heroes' crosses.

We have commented before on the ability of British film-makers to render dramatic and believable the lives of "little people." Here again that ability is seen in its sterling light. For this is essentially the story of common men, their inner greatness and integrity, each with morale problems of his own, each with dreams of the day when he will be repatriated or liberated.

In the center of these separate stories, however, is that of an Oxford-educated Czech officer (played with skill by Michael Redgrave) who has escaped from a concentration camp and who has taken on the identity of a British officer to foil the Gestapo. At first, the men are wary of him, but in their spirit of fair play they do not condemn him without proof. Instead, when they realize that the Gestapo are interested in him, they rally to his cause, one of them giving up his turn at repatriation in his behalf.

The long months of waiting, the thoughts of home accentuated by eagerly awaited mail, the men's comradeship and "making

"The Captive Heart"



Two officers and a Protestant chaplain cheer a badly wounded English soldier in the hospital of a German prisoner-of-war camp. He will never see again.

the best of things" are portrayed with arresting accuracy and pathos. When the time of release comes, there is joy for some and sorrow for others. The Czech officer has been corresponding with the widow of the man he was impersonating, and, when reaching England, he must tell her the truth. A friendship is established, and gradually the heart which had been captive is liberated.

This is a very touching picture which yet avoids sentimentality. There is no attempt at fostering hate of the Germans; neither is there any effort at making heroes of the British. Men from all walks of life meet on equal footing as men, the characters are well drawn and the picture lives.

A Y

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; Y—Young people 12 to 18;
C—Children under 12.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

THE ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE (MGM). The story of very human folk in Missouri trying to regain their old way of life and heal the suspicions and divisions left over from the Civil War. Love and hate, poverty and patriotism, feuds and reconciliations are truly pictured. How they solve their problem by working together provides excellent entertainment with a timely lesson.

A, Y, C

CYNTHIA (MGM). The theme of this refreshing story of family life in a small town is stated by one of the characters: "If you cannot get what you want, make what you have be what you want." All the yearnings, disappointments, small joys and important decisions which make up daily living are simply and sincerely portrayed. On the whole, this is delightful family entertainment.

A, Y, C

THE PERILS OF PAULINE (Paramount). Interesting and amusing flashbacks to the days of silent films, plus the irrepressible Betty Hutton. Fun for the younger members of the family; fun plus nostalgia for their elders.

A, Y, C

THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR (20th Century-Fox). The fantastic story of a ghost (Rex Harrison) who returns to haunt his former home now tenanted by a young widow (Gene Tierney). To help her out of financial difficulty, he dictates to her his "unvarnished story of a seaman's life" which immediately makes the best-seller list. Beautiful seascapes, fine photography, notable musical score and good acting.

A

CHRISTMAS EVE (United Artists). A quite far-fetched but nonetheless entertaining plot of an eccentric old lady's faith in her three adopted sons being rewarded when they come home, after years away. Greed and ingratitude are well balanced against loyalty and affection.

A, Y

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY (Columbia). An orphaned girl, seeking her "aristocratic" relatives in order to prove her eligibility to socialite fiancé, finds herself among crooks, blackmailers and other shady characters. A tawdry tale.

A, Y

CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE OTHER LOVE (United Artists). The ways of a selfish playboy (Richard Conte) and an unselfish doctor (David Niven) are contrasted in their dealings with a brilliant pianist (Barbara Stanwyck) who wants to run away from life and from death. The "service motive" is well emphasized. **A, Y**

THE WOMAN ON THE BEACH (RKO). Unpleasant and morally tainted story of a Coast Guard officer's affair with the calloused wife of a blind painter. Drinking, appalling rages, cruelty, and attempted murder are added to profane love to make up this unethical hodgepodge. **A**

DISHONORED LADY (United Artists). Psychological drama which tries to account for a young woman artist's wayward life by her feeling of insecurity. Her search for love and happiness, divergent through most of the picture, finally gets headed aright with the aid of a good man's love and an able psychiatrist. Mediocre. **A**

POSSESSED (Warner). A realistic study of mental derangement, this is the story of a woman's unrequited love and its effect on her mind. The psychological phases are handled with intelligence and dramatic effect, and if you can stand the depressing tale the net result may lead to a broader understanding of the off-balance mind and its tragic aberrations. **A**

THE WEB (Universal-International). A ruthless man using a background of industry and finance to cover his frauds and premeditated murder, allowing others to suffer—until a hard-boiled lawyer (Edmund O'Brien) and an honest police officer (William Bendix) bring him to justice. Unedifying. **A**

THUNDER MOUNTAIN (RKO). A quick-moving western based on a Zane Grey story. Neighboring ranchers, long separated by a family feud, become congenial after facing a common enemy. **A, Y**

RIFF-RAFF (RKO). Cold-blooded murders and brutal fighting in order to gain possession of a map showing location of oil wells. The title fits. **A**

LOVE AND LEARN (Warner). Light-hearted romantic comedy built on the familiar plot of struggling songwriters being helped by a young heiress bored by useless social whirl. Ethics doubtful if taken seriously, which no one will think of doing. **A, Y**

THE CORPSE CAME C.O.D. (Columbia). Even though there is some comedy hidden in this corpse-ridden melodrama, it is annoying to find the detective dishonest and newspaper reporters double-crossing each other for a story. **A**

DESPERATE (RKO). A gangster melodrama showing how an innocent man can become involved with unscrupulous and vengeful criminals. Much fighting, killing and strained attempts at suspense. **A**

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE (Excellior). Rossini's well-known comic opera is not benefitted by being filmed, even though the list of singers be a notable one. Good narration by Deems Taylor. **A, Y**

RECOMMENDED FOR CHURCH SHOWINGS

• As a special service to readers interested in procuring 16mm films suitable for church and Sunday-school use, we will present in this column each month listings of the best features, short subjects and documentaries available for purchase or rental. All evaluations are made by a special committee of the PROTESTANT MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL.

BOUNDARY LINES (A Julian Bryan Production; 10 min.; sound). This fascinating film, made with a new animation technique, proves the proposition that "a line is what you make it; it may divide folk, creating antagonism, or it may bind them into a fellowship." With lessons pertinent to the field of human relations, this is a heart-searching and thought-provoking documentary, eminently useful as the basis for forum discussions. Obtainable from the International Film Foundation, 1600 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Purchase price for organizations and film-rental libraries: \$90.

DOES IT MATTER WHAT YOU THINK? (2 reels; sound; 15 min.) A graphic presentation of the meaning and use of public opinion, this explores the powers of press, radio and motion picture—and shows how each may be used for good or evil. It raises the question: "If you form an opinion, what use do you make of it?" Obtainable from British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Rental fee, \$2; purchase price on request.

IMMIGRATION (10 min.; sound). The story of immigration and the processes of assimilation which have made America the great democratic melting-pot of the world. The backgrounds of immigrants, the motives for their coming here, the priceless freedoms they have found and the contribution they have made to American culture and tradition are well portrayed. Obtainable from Encyclopedia Britannica Films, Inc., 1841 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Rental fee, \$2.50.

CHILDREN ON TRIAL (7 reels; 62 min.). A study of juvenile delinquency and the methods for combating it used by the Approved Schools in England. This film follows a boy and girl, both from bad environments, through their misdemeanors and the steps taken for their rehabilitation. Though the approach may differ from ours in this country, the basic principles are similar. Obtainable from the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Rental fee, \$5; purchase price on request.

HIGH CONQUEST (Monogram). A story of fear, love, jealousy and heroism amid the high peaks in the Swiss Alps. Magnificent scenery, superior photography and effective musical background take this out of the ordinary. **A, Y**

THE LONG NIGHT (RKO). With deep social significance and powerful dramatic impact, this story presents the unenviable position of a young man come to grips with the forces of good and evil within and around him. Henry Fonda gives a convincing and sincere performance as the ill-starred principal in what is essentially a modern morality play. **A**

A LADY SURRENDERS (Universal-International). Inspiring romantic drama, upholding decent living, unselfishness and heroic sacrifice. Story is British, dealing with the meeting and eventual love of a wounded RAF officer and a concert pianist whose health is failing. Fine acting; beautiful scenery; excellent music. **A, Y**

NORTHWEST OUTPOST (Republic). An entertaining but not especially outstanding musical featuring Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey. The setting is a trading post established by the Russians on the Pacific Coast back in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. The Russian Easter music and festivities provide some inspiring moments; notable music score by Rudolf Friml. **A, Y, C**

SPORT OF KINGS (Columbia). While this is about horseracing and the usual accompaniments of gambling, there is a heart-warming story sustaining a plausible plot. Good will and devotion are well expressed, and a thread of romance helps make this pleasant entertainment with a lesson. **A, Y, C**

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

(*) A previous "Picture of the Month"
(†) Definitely not recommended

ADULTS, YOUNG PEOPLE, CHILDREN: A Likely Story; Banjo; The Beginning or the End; Buck Privates Come Home; Carnegie Hall; The Egg and I; Great Expectations; Henry V.; Holiday in Mexico; Home Sweet Homicide; Honey-moon; It Happened on Fifth Avenue; It's a Wonderful Life; I've Always Loved You; High Barbaree; The Jolson Story; Johnny Frenchman; The Late George Apley; Love Laughs at Andy Hardy; Magnificent Doll; Margie; The Mighty McGurk; Miracle on 34th Street; My Favorite Brunette; Over the Santa Fe Trail; The Overlanders; Sinbad the Sailor; Smoky; Song of the South; Song of Scheherazade; Stallion Road; Three Little Girls in Blue; The Time of Their Lives; The Yearling; Welcome Stranger.

ADULTS AND YOUNG PEOPLE: Angel and the Bad Man; The Best Years of Our Lives; Blaze of Noon; Boomerang; Brief Encounter; Caesar and Cleopatra; A Cage of Nightingales; Canyon Passage; Carnival in Costa Rica; Criminal Court; Danger Street; Dangerous Millions; The Farmer's Daughter; Forgotten Island (Puerto Rico); I Cover Big Town; The Imperfect Lady; Ladies' Man; The Macomber Affair; The Magic Bow; Mr. District Attorney; Monsieur Beaucaire; My Darling Clementine; Night and Day; Pursued; The Perfect Marriage; The Pilgrim Lady; The Plainsman and the Lady; The Razor's Edge; The Return of Monte Cristo; St. Francis of Assisi; The Secret Heart; Sister Kenny; Somewhere in the Night; The Shocking Miss Pilgrim; Seven Were Saved; Smash-Up; Stairway to Heaven; Suddenly It's Spring; 13 Rue Madeleine; They Were Sisters; Till the End of Time; Time Out of Mind; The Years Between.

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Cough Drops and Christianity

(Continued from page 18)

ten men I've ever known. Never kept any records of profit and loss; the few figures he was interested in he jotted down on the backs of old envelopes. Whatever money was left over at the end of the year was 'profit,' and he gave most of that away. Had a lot of charities . . .

From the start, we learned, this firm has believed in sharing the fruits of success with their employees and with their town. "Trade" (William I, the present William's grandfather) gave away more than half a million dollars (that can be traced) in his lifetime, and his son Arthur G. gave almost as much. The Poughkeepsie Vassars gave a lot, too; that name is on Vassar Hospital, Vassar College, Vassar Institute. You look around the town almost in vain for plaques telling you that a Smith gave this or that; the only two we found were one small monument in a park and the cornerstone of the local YMCA. There was quite a story behind that park. William bought the land and gave it to the city, on the express stipulation that if the city ever knowingly allowed anyone to sell or even give a drink of alcoholic liquor on said land, the city would lose that park.

A Presbyterian, William Smith contributed some two-thirds of the money raised to build the present First Presbyterian Church, and he bought the Manse. He also paid off the indebtedness of the Hedding M. E. Church, and the A. M. E. Zion Church, and gave the town its City Home Infirmary. He is said to have given \$185,000 for the building and maintenance of the local YMCA and he established a "Y" boys' camp. He doubled the size of the Old Ladies Home in Trinity Square, and endowed it forever. No man, no family, ever did more for any city.

The firm today gives a minimum of five percent of its profits to one cause or another; the cause may be anything from a local hospital to a missionary in San Domingo. That five percent is law; how much more they give, only they know, and they aren't talking. William is asked to serve on every fund-raising committee in town; he has a way of saying, "Now look. I'm too busy to be of much to use to you, right now. You fellows go ahead and raise what you can, and I'll double every dollar you get."

Rather unusual—and rather good Christianity!

He gives a lot through the Presbyterian (USA) Board of National Missions, on which he has served since 1929. We checked up with a mutual friend on that Board, who told us, "Bill Smith really serves. He's been trying to get off the Board since 1929; says he's been on it too long, it's time to give the younger fellows a chance, and so

on . . . But he'll never quit, if we can help it. Not because of what he gives, but because of what he *does*. He works at it . . ." His proudest accomplishment as Moderator of the North River Presbytery is that he gets the business over with and adjourned by 3:30 p.m., instead of six. His pet religious worry: the absence of the younger generation in the pews. His pet hope for Protestantism: unification.

When we turned from talking about religion in the church to religion in business, he really took the ball and ran with it. Did he believe it possible to practice Christianity in business?

"I do, sir. Don't get me wrong, now; I'm not bragging. But go around this plant for yourself, and talk to the folks, and you'll find we've been practicing it, or at least trying to practice it, ever since the business was started. It's as much a family affair for the employees around here as it is for the employers. You know, a Smith Brother has always mixed the essential oils in our formula; it's a secret, passed down from father to son. But it's no secret that we have also been mixing essential, practical Christianity in our relations with our employees. It works, beautifully."

But—how?

"Well, we've tried to treat every employee as we would like to be treated if circumstances were reversed. Our employees are only organized in a social way, such as Ye Smith Brothers Olde Timers Club, an envied group of employees of twenty years, or more, service. You see, employees seek a fair wage, consideration and, above all, security! We try to offer that."

"I guess you've never had a strike?" "Strikes? Why would our people strike?"

"But you do have grievances?"

"Oh, yes, that happens in the best of families. But my door is always open to any employee who is not satisfied with a foreman's decision or that of any other executive."

"This is a seasonal business. It follows the rise and fall of the common cold; we're rushed in winter, slack in summer. There are 221 people in this plant dependent on what they make, for food, clothing and shelter—and they have to have that, not just in our busy season, but all year 'round. They need pay envelopes from January to December—and they get them. We offer all employees 52 weeks pay every year whether we're rushed or slow. (Not many industries we know even try to match that!)"

"Every employee goes on two weeks' vacation—with four weeks' pay in his pocket. Pay for the week he's just worked, two weeks' pay for the vacation period, and one week's bonus. We don't force them just to punch a time clock; we offer a bonus for getting here on time, and do they get here! We have savings plans, retirement

plans, government bond plans. We . . . this sounds a little like blowing our own horn, doesn't it?"

To us, it didn't; we were so engrossed in the story that we'd even forgotten what time it was. He looked at his watch . . . he had another man waiting to see him now . . . sorry . . .

"Come again. We expect to be here a hundred years from now, in 2047. Grow a beard, and come up to the two hundredth birthday party . . . So long. . ."

We expect there will be such a party; they'll still be there, if they go on as they've been going for the last century. Some new Smith will be mixing the "essential oils." The little black cough drops will still be selling by the billion—a nickel a box, if the Smiths have anything to say about it. For this is the kind of business—the kind of public relations and employee-interest—that lasts. Canny, and Presbyterian, the James Smith who looked up at the brewery and hated it founded his house upon a rock; against that house, the fickle winds of greed, the restlessness of labor, will be powerless against it. For this is an ideal mixing of the essential oils of faith, the perfect blending of the ideal and the practical.

MISS GARTH

(Continued from page 19)

and flashing jewelry. Little cries of greeting sounded above the steady hum of conversation.

Miss Garth unconsciously smoothed the lines of her own black crepe dress and, despite her worry, her pulse quickened. She recalled evenings when she had been a student or visitor in larger cities, gorging herself on music as might a gourmand on old wines. She almost recaptured the image of a young man who thought Olie Garth was too serious about music. But not quite. The young man was too shadowy, too young, like a fragment of a story read long ago. Memories . . .

Several heads nodded, smiling, at Miss Garth. So many of them, parents and children, had been her pupils. She had worked faithfully with each one, even when she knew in her heart that they would not be Anton Borons. Had that been wrong? She did not know. Her sense of guilt was reserved for the others, the rare ones: the manager of this theater, Billy Teague; Maria Leska; Carl Schultz. . . . Carl was now Mr. Schultz, an attorney, running for the State Legislature. Maria had married a struggling young doctor. And Billy Teague, preferring the stage's bright lights to the lonely studio, had returned presently to manage the Embassy.

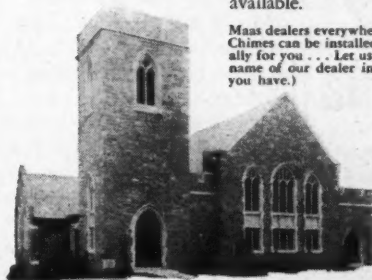
Still she would not regret the long years if she could feel that she had contributed something to music, even one real musician. She must not fail this

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time. She must not fail with Johnny Miles.

Now Billy Teague was on the stage, jovially plump and bald, welcoming the audience. Billy was part of Miss Garth's plan, although he had sounded surprised by her call.

Billy Teague was reminding his neighbors what a privilege was theirs, to be able to listen to the artistry of Anton Boron, to have the celebrated pianist in their town. . . . And here he was!

Yes, there he was—tall, dark, poised, smiling with a professional charm. And there it was—the spark in Anton Boron's dark eyes.

Johnny Miles whispered, "He looks just like he did in *Melody Master*."

Miss Garth nodded, frowning. She had seen the film. In it Anton Boron had played two selections, each one followed immediately by an orchestra blaring into swing, as if the film's producers feared that classics which had endured for scores of years would be unable to stand on their own for another hour.

Anton Boron's hands curved over the keys until he caught the audience in a moment of silence, then struck the first note surely, impeccably. Olie Garth drifted into the tinkling Old World of Scarlatti, forgetting even Johnny Miles during those minutes.

SHE told Johnny during the intermission, "You are going to meet him backstage after the recital, Johnny."

The boy's head jerked around. "Huh?"

"Anton Boron. Mr. Teague has arranged for you to meet Anton Boron after the recital."

His blue eyes increased in roundness. "What for?"

She could not say to a boy, "So you will be inspired to become another Anton Boron." She said: "Great musicians like to meet others with talent. Perhaps he will want to hear you play." "Oh, no!" Johnny slowly shook his head. "I can't play for him!"

"Of course you can. He would see that you are young."

Johnny's eyes stared hypnotically at the great black piano on the stage. Miss Garth settled back, not wholly relaxed but feeling that her last card had been played. Factors beyond her control—Anton Boron's manner, the strange reaction of an adolescent male—would decide if any trace of her existence were to survive.

The second half of the program should have impressed the boy more than the first. Boron's fingers leaped, caressed, flashed, out-racing the eye. The audience thundered applause at the finish. Some shouted and some whistled. Boron played two, three, four encores, his dark face flushed either from the reception or from the emotion of playing. Chopin's *Fantasia-Im-*

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promptly left his admirers too limp to demand more.

Miss Garth gripped Johnny's hand as the theater began to empty. "Here we go, Johnny."

Johnny Miles followed reluctantly, his face pale. The door opened at the left of the stage when they were well down the aisle. Billy Teague's bald head popped out.

Billy Teague saw them, and grinned. "Hurry up, please! Boron's wife is with him. They haven't had their dinner!"

Olie Garth made her mistake then. As Billy Teague held open the door for her to enter, she let go of Johnny's hand. There was a scurrying sound. When she looked around, the boy's heels were flashing up the long aisle.

"Johnny—!"

A lifetime of hope went into her soft, pleading cry. But Johnny was disappearing into the throngs at the exits. Olie Garth stared, crushed, across the rising expanse of emptied seats.

Billy Teague's shining forehead wrinkled. His round shoulders lifted and fell in a slight gesture. "We must hurry!" he whispered, and urged Miss Garth up the steps to the wings.

"Here she is," Billy Teague said. "Miss Garth—Mr. and Mrs. Boron."

A lovely dark-haired woman in a flame-colored gown stood beside Anton Boron.

"I'm sorry!" whispered Miss Garth, close to tears. "Johnny's gone. He ran away."

Anton Boron's dark brows lifted as he pressed her hand. "I beg your pardon?"

"Johnny, the boy I wanted to meet you. He has talent—I know he has! But he was frightened—and ran off!"

WHERE TWO WAYS MET

(Continued from page 37)

taken care of. My brother talked about it with me a few nights before he was taken sick. Are you sure it wasn't attended to?"

"I'm positive. Several notices were sent, but our office received no acknowledgment of them."

"Suppose you come back to the house with me now. I can look through my brother's papers."

At the house again the two men went to the neat little study where the deceased had had his desk, now piled high with unopened letters. The brother sat down, glanced hastily through the pile of accumulated mail and selected the envelopes bearing the Harris Chalmers' return address.

"Yes, here they are," he said as he laid them on the desk, studying the dates on the postmarks. He knit his brows a moment, then unlocked a drawer and drew out his brother's checkbook, turning over the leaves rapidly:

The pianist threw back his dark head, laughing. "I do not blame him!" Then he patted Miss Garth's small hand gently before releasing it. "But do not worry. Johnny will come back, if he is a musician. You can bring him to the hotel tomorrow morning, perhaps." The twinkling dark eyes softened. "I am more interested in you, Miss Garth."

The last part did not strike home immediately. Then Miss Garth gasped faintly. "Me—?"

Anton Boron nodded. "Yes, I knew there must be a Miss Garth in this town. The audience told me."

Billy Teague said, grinning proudly: "You filled most of those seats tonight, Miss Garth. All your old pupils were on hand."

"Oh!" Miss Garth glanced with startled eyes at Billy, and at the lovely dark-haired woman in the flame-colored gown, who was also smiling, and back to Anton Boron. "Oh, I—I—" She gave up completely.

"Often I have wanted to meet you," Anton Boron said quietly. "We artists, we think we are something. But we do not fool ourselves. . . . No, I am not joking. We know all the time that without the Miss Garths there could be no Anton Borons."

The great pianist stepped back, tucking his wife's hand under his arm, and bowed in a gallant, delightful gesture. "Will you do us the honor of dining with us, Miss Garth?"

"I—I guess so." Miss Garth's ankles threatened to crumple. Her lips trembled in what she imagined to be a smile. Then her mind cleared, as in one great flash, and her voice came back, strong and sure. "I mean—I'd love to!"

"Yes, here is the check!" he said. "The date of the first notice and the check all made out and signed. That must have been the last thing he did. We found him fallen forward on his desk, pen in hand, the night he was taken sick. None of us thought to look into his affairs to see if there was anything that needed immediate attention. Joseph was always so methodical."

He sat for a moment in deep thought.

"This check would not be good now, of course, and the natural process of the law would bring it under the jurisdiction of the managers of the estate. But since that would take some time, and you are in haste to return, and since it was our fault in a way that this was not paid before, I can give you my personal check in full settlement. Would that be satisfactory?"

Paige accepted the check with a sigh of relief, feeling sure that his boss would be more than pleased.

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he knew, would understand. She had spoken of these same truths that had so stirred him at the funeral services.

Her brief letter was waiting for him the next morning when he got home to breakfast. Eagerly he tore it open and was filled with disappointment when he read that she was away. He was cheered, however, that she had remembered to send the poem. As he read it through, he could almost hear her voice saying the words.

Back in his office he found a pile of mail that had to be attended to at once, and he and his secretary were deep in dictation when there came a call from Mr. Chalmers: "Madison come yet? Send him in at once!"

"WELL, Madison, I hope you had a successful trip. What about the Washburn case? Did you serve the foreclosure?"

"No," said Paige. "I didn't."

"You didn't!" snapped Chalmers. "I thought I told you—"

"Washburn is dead," said Paige solemnly.

"Dead?" shouted Chalmers. "Who said so?"

"I went to his funeral. It was quite unintentional." And he told how he had been ushered into the home before he realized what was going on, and of what had transpired later. When he had finished, Paige laid down the check.

Chalmers picked it up, cleared his throat. "Well, I guess you have done fairly well with your first commission, Madison," he said and waved his hand in dismissal.

All during that day Paige could not banish from his mind the look on his boss's face when he got the news of payment instead of foreclosure. Queer that Chalmers should feel disappointed. There wouldn't be any reason why he should want to foreclose—or was there?

That night, after dinner, Paige went to his room to write to June. He described his experience with the "foreclosure" in Boston, then told her of the curious manner in which he had sensed God's presence at the funeral.

He continued: "Maybe you think I am crazy, but it seemed that God was with me on the train coming home. And He has been beside me in everything I've done since. Now I know the 'peace' and 'rest' your poem talks about. It's a joy such as I never felt before. And why am I telling you this? Because you were the one who introduced me to this subject, and pointed the way. Tell me, was this experience I had something real or just a figment of an over-worked imagination?"

He brought her up to date on the Shambleys. "They seem to be getting well fast, and the father has a job. The doctor okayed it; Shambley started Monday in a filling station."

Paige went to sleep soon after that.

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His spirit now was soothed and content. It was not until the next morning that he remembered having promised to play tennis that afternoon with Reva Chalmers. She had pulled him into it—scoffing, however, when he said he would have time for only a few sets, as he had to spend the evening getting his Sunday-school lesson ready for his class of boys.

Reva proved to be a fairly good player, and gave him good opposition. When they finished, Paige escorted her down to the club, declined the offer of drinks. "You know I told you I had other things to do," he said with a grin. "Oh, that's silly on a lovely day like this. Let the old Bible go and have a good time with me," she pleaded.

"Sorry, but thanks for the game," he said and left.

Reva sat gloomily on the club veranda and took a drink. Then she slammed into her car and whizzed off. She wasn't sure that Paige was not just a waste of time. There were plenty of other fellows who were ready to join in with any whim she happened to have, and didn't have to go off and study the Bible! But, she reflected, he was intriguing, and stunningly handsome!

On the way home an idea struck her. She took it immediately to her father. "Dad," she burst out as she entered the house, "I played tennis with your handsome assistant manager today, and do you know, I think he's sweet—but he needs to be humanized. Give me the job of educating him, and I can make him quite easy for you to manage, ready for the hardest proposition you could hand him."

"Oh, you don't say! And how could you bring all that about?" His tone was amused.

"Why, you see, Dad, I've been getting quite a line on Paige Madison. He's not half bad! All he needs is a different point of view. Do you know why he can't accept all of the invitations I've given him? He's going to teach a Sunday-school class tomorrow, and tonight he must study the lesson."

"Well, they do claim there are some very wise sayings in the Bible," said Mr. Chalmers amusedly. "But what do you want me to do about it? I can't call Paige Madison into my office Monday morning and tell him I don't want him to read the Bible any more, can I?"

"Silly! Of course not. But you can get him away from here on a vacation, and arrange it so I come along, and thus get a chance to work on him. Didn't you say you needed to get away somewhere and rest? And you also said you couldn't get away from your business. Why not therefore take your business with you? You could tell Paige you weren't well, that the doctor wanted you to have a change, and that you would need Paige to go along with you. Then a few days later I would

At least he
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come down. How about it? Good idea?"

Chalmers smiled. "Could be," he said. "I'll think it over."

A few days later he asked his doctor to come to the office; he wanted the whole working staff to know he had been there. Then he sent for Paige.

"Well, Madison," he said in a confidential tone, "I've just had a visit from my doctor." He paused to let that sink in.

"Doctor?" said Paige with concern. "Why, are you sick, sir?"

"Well, not exactly sick," said Chalmers. "This is a matter of prevention. The doctor wants me to spend some weeks at the shore, and to go at once—that is, within a few days."

"Oh?" said Paige trying to sound sympathetic. "That sounds like a pleasant cure."

"Well, what bothers me, Madison, is that it means going away from my business right at a critical time. If I could take someone with me who is capable of handling some things with me . . . I was wondering about you, Madison? Would you like to go along? You wouldn't find the work too strenuous. Plenty of time for swimming and reading. How about it?"

"I would be glad to go during the week," said Paige, "but I can't be away on Sundays. You see, I've promised to teach a class of boys at Sunday school—and I can't go back on my promise. If you want me on that condition I'll be with you."

Chalmers narrowed his eyes and looked keenly at Paige. "Well, Madison, I've been hiring men for a good

many years; you are the first who ever attempted to dictate terms to me. My employees generally are glad to get my terms—and they never lose out by it either. But I guess this time you win."

That night Reva got her father into a corner of his library and asked him the outcome of his interview with Paige. He told her and she was greatly disappointed.

"Dad, I don't think you do as well with that stubborn guy as I do."

"Well, I never have coaxed anyone to do a job for me before, and I declare I never will again—not even for you. I've never met his like before."

"Well, you see, Dad, that's why I wanted you to get him. There aren't many like Paige and I'd like to conquer him and make him do what we want him to do, and like it. See, Dad?"

"Yes, I see. But I don't think you do. That fellow has what is called 'strength of character.' I can't help but admire him, even when he makes me mad as a hatter."

"Well, Dad, I may not have that 'strength of character,' but I've got something else. They call it 'glamor' nowadays, and you just wait till I try that on him! It's going to be my special mission to make him forget his old Bible, and really have a good time. By the second Saturday he'll be ready to telephone his mother or somebody to take over that class for him."

"Okay, kitten, hop to it and do your best—or your worst. But I tell you truly, I'm not so sure you can do anything with that stubborn lad, and I hate to see you disappointed."

(To be continued)

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

(Continued from page 25)

around the room. The chairs are light green, the table light green with an ivory top and a cross of red tulips. There is a black-board, a small set of hanging shelves, and a picture of a wonderful angel guarding a little girl through a wonderful wood. On the inside of the door are two big red tulips in the panels, a cross of small yellow tulips above, and the words, "Little Chapel of the Flowers." With considerable expenditure of elbow grease, the whole room is kept clean and tidy.

We have a large bulletin board. Pictures to illustrate the lessons have been purchased, but more were cut from calendars, magazines and papers left by the younger children. Mounted on colored paper, our pictures enjoy additional beauty and longer life. At Christmas and Easter, all the children in the Sunday school crowd into our little room to see them, and many a grown-up comes too.

Our window, which came later, is composed of pictures of people who

have lived for Jesus. Traced from library books, backgrounds sketched in, outlines drawn with India ink, they are painted in water colors, painted a second time, and inked again. The paper is the rolled, white table-covering used at church suppers. The painted sheet and a plain sheet to back it are put between two sheets of glass and fitted into the window frame. Some of the panels are historical, some form the legends and folk tales of our faith, but all carry stories, and these stories are regarded as treats by the girls.

A few weeks ago I heard an adolescent from another church make a disparaging remark about the dullness of Sunday school to a group of girls, one of whom was Mary Jane. "Not our Sunday school," she cried with enthusiasm. "Our Sunday school is swell! And you just ought to see our room! It's prettier than the church!"

On that first morning I told my girls I wanted them to become Christians, Christian ladies, and, if we had any time left over, Baptists.

The "lady" part was greeted with loud groans, but it has been more fun than they expected. It involves lec-

tures on personal cleanliness and the social as well as religious graces, but it also includes parties, picnics and a practical application of the Golden Rule.

The "Christian" part comes slowly. I too am learning—and more as a teacher than I ever did as a pupil. I talk to the girls in my own language, and many times what I say is over their heads. When that happens they stop me, and we explain things. How many words, phrases, sentences and ideas we have hacked from their original blocks and carved into modern idiom (and sometimes modern slang) I do not know.

Questions I could not answer were taken to the minister, and sometimes to the family doctor—who gave me the best advice, among other things, for the cure of fingernail-biting.

By September we were good friends. The girls graduated into the Intermediate Department, and I asked a question. "What would you like to study this year?"

"We have the books," they said listlessly.

They did not know it yet, but they had no quarterlies. So I had obtained permission from our superintendent to try a year's experiment.

"You have learned by heart the names of the books of the Bible," I said. "Have you ever wondered what is in them all?"

"Oh, yes!" eagerly.

So began a year in an almost uncharted wilderness. When the Sunday school book had said, "With what is your head anointed?" (See Psalms 23:5), they had filled in "Oil," finished their lesson and closed the Bible, feeling that, while it told all the answers if you matched up the numbers correctly, it was hopelessly dull and disconnected. I knew they lacked any idea of the sweep and sequence of events in the Bible. I wanted them to become curious about it, to read it for themselves and to get some practice in the much-neglected art of thinking.

Now, on a bright September morning, ten little girls opened their Bibles and read, "In the beginning God . . ." One of them told the story of creation as she remembered it from the primary department.

"That isn't what you learned in science class, is it?" I asked. Drusilla, who is interested in minerals and dinosaurs, told what they learned in science class. "Here are two accounts of the beginning of things," said I. "Which is right?"

"The Bible," ventured my lambs, but rather dubiously.

"Have you ever thought they might both be right?" I explained how poets and scientists tell the same things in different ways. "The man who wrote the Bible story of creation was a poet. A little later another poet, speaking of God, wrote that a thousand years in



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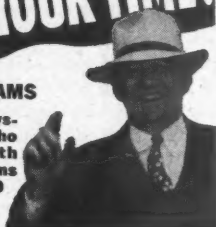
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His sight are as a few hours in our time; so in God's sight billions of years may be as six days."

Every science-class theory of creation was trotted out, but behind each explanation lay the inexplicable. We were back at the unknown beginning, and "In the beginning God," the Creator. That was basic.

The Bible I used was another thorn in their sides. To them a Bible was a black book with gold lettering on the cover and "King James Translation" printed on the title page. My Bible had a red cover and was printed like an ordinary book instead of in chapters and verses. Children are born conservatives, and it was a struggle to convince them of its orthodoxy.

No homework was issued that year, but they were encouraged to read further anything they were curious about. As time went on they began to report discoveries in class. Carol Ann read the Book of Ruth after we had discussed it. Janet and Carolyn, one moist Sunday afternoon, sat down and in cold blood read to each other all one-hundred-and-fifty of the Psalms. From questions on the best way to read the Bible through, I know there is more than nibbling going on at the present time.

Each book we studied was prefaced by a short account of where, when, by whom and for what purpose it was written, if such knowledge were available. When we came to a story with which they were familiar, the children told it in their own words.

"Joseph was sold into Egypt," recounted Elizabeth one day. "His master's wife fell for him, but he wouldn't go along so she got mad and had him tossed into jail."

"Hey!" cried Catherine Ann a little further on. "Last year you told us God wants us to love everybody, and here's Jehovah killing the Phili-what-you-call-ems, and fighting all the time. What goes on?" The Bible, I had been taught, is the record of man's search for the true nature of God. Catherine had discovered this for herself and her classmates.

They explained nine of the Ten Commandments, and there followed the inevitable. "What," inquired Drusilla, "does 'thou shalt not commit adultery' mean?" When this was explained in its Old Testament relation to married life, the girls mused thoughtfully, "It must be wrong for people to get all those divorces like they do in Hollywood."

As the Book of Job approached, I was terrified at the thought of introducing to children what learned doctors of divinity have squabbled over for years. It was a pleasant surprise. Most of the girls knew that good people suffered. They discussed Job, admired the poetry profoundly, and came to the very adult conclusion that the good little girls are not always handed the lollipops of life. Job was good, they decided, because

he loved God and realized that the best in him was little enough to offer God. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him"—and we looked ahead a bit to another Man in a dark spring garden, praying for the passing of a cup. He knew He must drain to the bitterest dregs.

We finished the Old Testament and the Apocrypha. The God idea in their minds had grown from Jehovah of the thunderbolts to the God of mercy and promise. The stage was set for Jesus and our Father in Heaven.

THERE followed a six-weeks review to take care of some more or less habitual absentees, who seem to thaw out and return with the spring. To my complete astonishment, the children themselves requested that the review material be written on the blackboard, procured notebooks and copied it down. After every important point, every beloved poem or story, they put a notation of the place where it might be found in their Bibles. Space was left for the later pasting in of illustrating pictures.

Then we had a "popularity contest," each girl choosing her favorite man, woman and book of the Old Testament, and giving reasons for her choice. Ruth and David won in the personality contest, with Moses as runner-up on David. Ruth had no near rivals, although Catherine Ann voted for the "great woman" of Second Kings. The Psalms and Samuel won in the book section, while Carol Ann clung loyally to Ruth, and one vote was cast for Isaiah.

None of them recognized the year's test as such. It began as a pleasure excursion, a week-day trip to the local Synagogue. The young Rabbi took them through the building, opened the tabernacle, lifted out the Torah, read from it, and taught them to say "Jesus" and "Jerusalem" in Hebrew. Although he was unconscious of it, his kind dark eyes became part of their mental picture of the Rabbi of Nazareth. In the course of their tour he asked them numerous questions about the Old Testament, and their answers pleased him. "You Protestant Christians certainly know your Bible," he said.

The girls had passed. The Jews had passed too. As we drove home, I was silently convulsed by the conversation his charmed young guests were carrying on in the crowded back seat. "Hmmm, I thought all Rabbis were fat old men with long white beards," said one wondering voice, "and he was—" Chorus: "Super!"

We visited two other local churches that spring. Other races as well as other creeds are included in their plans for future tours. They consider the other churches beautiful, but they are agreed in liking their own best.

When September came again, our year's experiment in teaching sans quar-

terly had been extended indefinitely, and we began on the four Gospels.

One day, after a New Testament-dominated winter, Dorothy demanded, "What's the use of being good all your life, if God forgives your sins just because you're sorry for them before you die?"

"We said good-bye last June," I said, "to a man who was good all his life. You know what he has meant to each of you, and his life is the best reason I can give for doing good all your lives, not just being sorry at the end so as to get into Heaven. Of course, God forgives us whenever we come to Him, but then we come to Him empty-handed. Think how much more you will have done for God if you can show Him many long, faithful years of service to His cause on earth." They sat with tears in their eyes, thinking of their friend Mr. Hunter.

About a month ago, I asked the question I had asked them first: "What kind of person is a Christian?"

"A Christian," said Carolyn promptly, "loves God."

The others chimed in. "A Christian loves Jesus. A Christian loves all his fellow-men everywhere."

"Does a Christian ever break one of the Ten Commandments?" I needed gently.

Twelve young ladies in their early teens were deeply shocked at my stupidity. "When you love someone," they informed me, "you never do anything to hurt that person."

I WOULD have been satisfied if six of my girls had joined the church this Easter. Elizabeth is a Greek Orthodox Catholic who comes to us because her own faith lacks representation in Middletown, and we are not proselytizing. Meta, Marjorie and Eleanor have been moving. These four had to be counted out of the sixteen to which we had grown from a registration of six three years before. Twelve were left to make a decision taking considerable courage on the part of a potential Baptist. When I pushed into the robing room after the deacons had voted, and counted ten of my girls being measured for their baptismal gowns, I almost burst with pride.

Easter was a lovely, warm spring day. Alone in their loved room, they lighted the candles on the little altar. Clothes covered every chair, so they knelt in their black robes on the floor. "Dear Father in Heaven, please give us all the courage we will need today," prayed Drusilla. "Dear Jesus, help us to grow up to be the kind of women you want us to be," begged Mary Jane. Kneeling behind them, I smiled as I thought of their first childish petitions in the usual "Thank You for the sunshine, please don't let me flunk" school of arrested kindergarten prayer development.

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One after another they climbed from the basement to the lily-scented church. They were grave, and frightened, and sweet, and very dear. Some whispered their responses, some spoke them for all the once-and-twice-a-year Christians in the farthest back seats of the crowded church to hear. And most surprising of all was "my little rabbit," who, until a few weeks before, had been timidly hesitating.

"Janet Eva Petersen," said Mr. Dallman, "do you confess your faith in God as your Heavenly Father, in Jesus Christ as your Savior and Lord, and in the Holy Spirit as your sanctifier?"

"I do," said Janet in a clear little voice which pierced to the balcony.

"Then upon this confession of your faith, and at your own request, I baptize you in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Janet looked back at her teacher, standing in the doorway, and smiled such a radiantly happy smile as the angels must smile as they enter Heaven. She put her lovely golden head back upon the minister's arm with perfect confidence, and the waters closed over her.

But in that smile, she had left with me all the payment I shall ever ask for the past three years, portal to portal, time-and-a-half, and overtime.

Science Catches Up with God

(Continued from page 31)

They never got a fair deal. All the world rushed off after Darwin, who tried to adapt man to nature. That seemed to me to be putting the cart before the horse; those old natural philosophers seemed to me to be nearer the truth when they adapted nature to man, when they made man the ultimate creation.

"So—I started collecting evidence. I clipped items out of newspapers, articles out of magazines. I tore pages out of books, and took notes on a thousand lectures. I accumulated a stockpile of evidence a mile high before I went to work on the writing . . ."

His phone rang, and while he talked we peeked around the office. Books were everywhere. There was "Across the Line" by Mrs. Albert Payson Terhune; there was Hegner's "Parade of the Animal Kingdom," "Notes on Genesis" by Albertus Pieters, "How To Get a Job" by Boynton, and "Human Destiny" by Lecomte du Nouy. Atop a bookcase were several Jovian volumes: "The Encyclopaedia of Superstitions, Folklore and the Occult Sciences of the World" (three volumes, more than 3,000 pages) compiled by A. Cressy Morrison. There was also "Man in a Chemical World," by the same author. Quite a schedule for the venerable advisor to Union Carbide.

He whirled, looked at the books with

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us, pulled another out of his desk drawer. It was "The Economy of Life," by "An Ancient Brahmin," published in 1765. He had a London book-seller searching three years for that one.

"Where were we?" he asked. "Oh, yes. The pile of clippings. Every clipping in it shouted at me that a puncture-proof case for the Creator could be made out of these strictly scientific statements. I was probably the only man in town thinking that way, at that particular time. For right then atheism was becoming popular. The Bible seemed to have fewer and fewer defenders; it was 'an old-fashioned Book, out of date, unscientific.' But when I compared Genesis with those clippings—they jibed! The more I thought of it, the more I thought a book built on those clippings would offer a good attack on our rising atheism. And the attack, coming from one who was *not* a preacher, might carry all the more weight. So—I talked to Dr. Peale about it."

But—didn't scientists disagree, among themselves?

"Sure they disagreed—on everything but the facts. It was the pseudo-scientist, who wouldn't look at the facts, that I was after. You know, I'm a little tired of those 'smart' fellows who are forever saying they can't believe in Genesis any more, now that science is here! They talk of 'Genesis versus evolution'—and that's nonsense. Look at Genesis. Look at the account of creation there. Life on this planet could never have come, could never have survived, if there had been no scientific plan in the mind of the Planner.

"Then there is man, the crowning creation of all. He didn't just happen. Haeckel said, 'Give me air, water, chemicals and time and I will create a man.' Haeckel had plenty of air, water, chemicals and time, but out of those elements alone he never created a man."

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Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

Cover Contemptible

Dear Editor:

Please do not mail it (CHRISTIAN HERALD) to us again, as we are old-fashioned Southern people, and do not approve of the front-page cover on the April issue, and will never want the paper in our home again. . . . We respect colored folks, but are not yet ready to ask our granddaughters to place their arms around young colored boys. . . . If you approve this picture, then you are contemptible in our estimation.

Centerville, Tenn.

W. L. PINKERTON

We're sorry, sir. Sometimes, CHRISTIAN HERALD gets into homes where it just doesn't belong, at all. In farewell may we ask what sort of Christianity is that prohibits you from even touching a fellow man? We were under the impression that when Christ bade the little children to come unto Him, He didn't specify white children.

Hero, Hottentot?

Dear Editor:

It is bad enough when the secular press believes that Chiang Kai-shek is "surrounded by rascals," but it is tragic when Christian magazines fall for the "smear China" campaign. . . .

Elmhurst, N. Y. MRS. GEORGE A. FITCH

Dear Editor:

You say, "For all we honor Chiang Kai-shek—and he has been one of the noblest figures of our time." How could you think that? That old reprobate that turned our lend-lease guns and tanks on his own men instead of the Japs. . . .

Berkeley, California

EDITH N. DIAL

Good!

Dear Editor:

The question-and-answer page of CHRISTIAN HERALD intrigues me more and more; it is a godsend in print—shows where this journal stands (at least its head). Most wise Christian responses. They always please me. The Master is your mentor and the race has never successfully contradicted His conclusions. I am a Methodist—not a modernist Methodist, or a so-called liberal; Methodism would do well to open a page of its authoritative journals to a question-and-answer department; then we might know where to find the goats—or, perhaps even better, the sheep.

Detroit, Mich.

WALTER W. CRESTON

Lucretius, Vesalius,

Nirvana and Don Alvarez

Rev. and Dear Doctors:

We beg permission to submit the following comment on the HERALD's Easter sermon. . . . It is the jabberwocky (sic!) of a backwoods Wesley trying to impress a crowd of hill-billies. . . . We wish to inform the Rev. Franks that spirits and demons vanished when Vesalius wrote "The Structure of the Human Body" and science threw out supernaturalism with the bathwater. The statement that eternal life is forced on one is repugnant to our democratic ideal of freedom. . . . Ethically, it is inferior to the Oriental Nirvana, or the *vita dis digna* of Lucretius. . . . The conclaves of theology have never been correct on one solitary fact of nature. Its whole fabric is built upon myth, illusion, legend, guesswork and dogmatic assertion. . . . Dear Editors, discourses by liberal thinkers like Fosdick or Rabbi Fineshriber ought to be more congenial to your larger clientele than the continued rehearsal of long-discredited medievalisms.

GENE RICHTER and DON ALVAREZ, M. B.

We make it a point to read something we disagree with, at least once a day. We read this one four times, and if we may not be considered irreverent, we think it better than Joe Miller's Joke Book. The authors object to our medievalism—and then offer "proof" from

AN EXPLANATION,

An Apology and a Promise

THREE times within recent months, unfortunate lines have appeared in CHRISTIAN HERALD advertising. The latest is an invitation to a cocktail room.

CHRISTIAN HERALD is edited and published in New York City and printed in Dayton, Ohio. Some advertisements, coming in very late, have gone directly to the printer, without proper scrutiny in our advertising and editorial offices. This is an explanation of what has happened, but not a justification.

We are shamed and humiliated. Henceforth, at whatever cost, every advertisement will be read and carefully checked before going to the printer. This is our explanation, apology and promise.

DANIEL A. POLING

Andreas Vesalius (1514-64) and Lucretius (96-55 B.C.)! It is good to know that Vesalius got rid of spirits and demons; we suggest that this great news be offered to China, right away. And that science threw out supernaturalism with the publication of the old Italian's book; please relay that one to scientists Einstein and Millikan, quick!

"The conclaves of theology have never been correct. Its whole fabric is built on myth, illusion, guesswork, dogmatic assertion." Brother, when you have accomplished as much for the moral nature of man as Calvinism has accomplished, you'll have accomplished something worth writing about. We should run discourses by Fosdick and Rabbi Fineshriber? We respect them highly—but please, let us do the editing of this magazine. We think we know more of what our readers want than you do!

And we rather resent hearing our readers described as hill-billies. We're not just sure what the "M.B." means after reader Don Alvarez's name (could it mean Bachelor of Moonshine?) but we'll match college degrees, sir, ten thousand times over among our readers; they've been to college, too! May we suggest in closing that you read "Science Catches Up With God," by a real scientist, on page 23 of this issue?

Novels

Dear Editor:

I notice in a copy of your paper loaned my wife (italics ours) that you will start a Novel in the next issue. When in school I was taught that a Novel was a fictitious narrative and fictitious means "untrue." I wonder on what grounds you claim a place for any kind of novel in your magazine. Don't you think the title "Christian" should be dropped to avoid placing yourself in the class of a Hippocrit (sic!). I am no Angel but why not stick to your title or change the title? Just a Clean suggestion to better your paper.

Chipley, Fla.

MRS. W. C. HARDY

Dear Editor:

Your tribute to Grace Livingston Hill . . . is well deserved. How refreshing it is to read one of her books after wallowing through the filth and mire of the modern novels. . . .

Monmouth, Ill. MRS. C. T. McLAUGHLIN

The novel is not literally, precisely true to fact; it may be a work built on fact, however. Our dictionary calls the novel "A long prose narrative having a complex plot," and we like that better. Reader Hardy's interpretation is that of a literalist; sticking to those guns, she would never enjoy "The Robe," or "Ben Hur"—or even Jesus' story of the Good Samaritan! It is the letter that killeth. . . .

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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